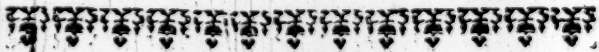




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Nov. 25. 1663.

Roger L'Estrange.

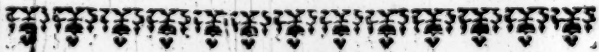




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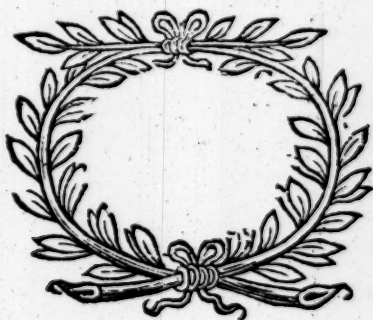
Nov. 25. 1663.

Roger L'Estrange.



P O E M S.

*By the Incomparable,
Mrs. K. P.*



L O N D O N,

Printed by *F. G.* for *Rich. Marriott*, at his Shop
under *S. Dunstons Church* in Fleet-street. 1664.



To the most excellently accomplish'd;
Mrs. K. P. upon her Poems.

I.

WE allow'd your Beauty, and we did submit
To all the tyrannies of it.

Ah, cruel Sex! will you depose us too in Wit?

Orinda does in that too reign;

Does Man behind her in proud triumph draw,

And cancel great Apollo's Salick Law.

We our old Title plead in vain:

Man may be Head, but Woman's now our Brain;

Worse then Love's fire-arms heretofore:

In Beauty's camp it was not known,

Too many arms, besides the Conquerour, bore.

'Twas the great Cannon we brought down,

T'assault the stubborn Town.

Orinda first did a bold sally make,

Our strongest quarter take,

*And so successful prov'd, that she
Turn'd upon Love himself his own Artillery.*

2.

*Women, as if the Body were the whole
Did that, and not the Soul,
Transmit to their posterity ;
If in it something they conceiv'd,
Th'abortive Issue never liv'd.
'Twere shame and pity, Orinda, if in thee
A Sp'rit so rich, so noble, and so high,
Should unmanur'd or barren lie.
But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
The fair and fruitful Field :
And 'tis a strange increase that it doth yield.
As when the happy Gods above
Meet all together at a Feast,
A secret joy unspeakably does move
In their great Mother Semele's contented breast :*

With

With no less pleasure thou methinks shouldst see

Thus thy no less immortal Progeny:

And in their Birth thou no one touch dost find:

Of th' ancient Curse to Woman-kind;

Thou bring'st not forth with pain,

It neither travel is nor labour of thy Brain,

So easily they from thee come,

And there is so much room

I th' unexhausted and unfathom'd womb;

That, like the Holland Countess, thou might'st bear

A Child for ev'ry day of all the fertile year.

3.

Thou dost my wonder; would'st my envy raise,

If to be prais'd I lov'd more then to praise.

Where-e'rè I see an excellence;

I must admire to see thy well-knit Sense;

Thy Numbers gentle, and thy Passions high;

These as thy Forehead smooth; those sparkling as thy

(Eye.

'Tis solid and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis Angelical:

For, as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verses see

Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet ; (sweet.
They are then Man more strong, and more then Woman

4.

They talk of Nine I know not who
Female Chimæra's that o're Poets reign ;
I ne'er could find that Fancy true,
But have invoc'd them oft I'me sure in vain.
They talk of Sappho, but, alas ! the shame
I th' manners soil the lustre of her fame.
Orinda's inward Vertue is so bright,
That, like a Lantern's fair enclosed light,
It through the Paper shines where she doth write.
Honour and Friendship, and the gen'rous scorn
Of things for which we were not born,

(Things

*(Things which of custom by a fond disease,
Like that of Girls, our vicious stomachs please)
Are the instructive subjects of her Pen.*

*And as the Roman Victory
Taught our rude Land arts and civility,
At once she takes, enslaves, and governs Men.*

5.

*But Rome with all her arts could ne're inspire
A Female Breast with such a fire.*

*The warlike Amazonian Train,
Which in Elysium now do peaceful reign,
And Wit's wild Empire before Arms prefer,
Find'twill be settled in their Sex by her.*

*Merlin the Prophet (and sure he'l not lie
In such an awful Company)*

*Does Prophecies of learn'd Orinda show,
What he had darkly spoke so long ago.*

Even

*Even Boadicia's angry Ghost
Forgets her own misfortune and disgrace,
And to her injur'd Daughters now does boast,
That Rome's o'recome at last by a Woman of her race.*

Abraham Cowley.

To the Incomparable Mrs. K. P.
Author of these Poems.

Madam,

THe Beauty of your Lines, is't not so clear
You need no Foil to make't the more appear ?
She that's Superlative, although alone
Consider'd, gains not by Comparison.
And yet whate're hath hitherto been writ
By others, tends to magnifie your Wit.
What's said of Origen, (When he did well
Interpret Texts, no man did him excell ;
When ill, no man did e're go so awry)
We may t'your Sex (though not to you) apply :
For now we've seen from a Feminine Quill
Poetry good as e're was, and as ill.

H. A.

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POEMS.

1871

1871

1871

P O E M S.

I.

*Upon the double Murther of K. CHARLES I.
in Answer to a Libellous Copy of Rimes
made by Vavasor Powell.*



Think not on the State, nor am concern'd
Which way soever the great helm is turn'd:
But as that son whose father's dangers nigh
Did force his native dumbness, and untie
The fetter'd organs ; so here's a fair cause
That will excuse the breach of Nature's laws.
Silence were now a sin, nay Passion now
Wise men themselves for Merit would allow.
What noble eye could see (and careless pass)
The dying Lion kick'd by every Ass :

Has *Charles* so broke God's Laws, he must not have
A quiet Crown nor yet a quiet Grave?

Tombs have been Sanctuaries; Thieves lie there
Secure from all their penalty and fear.

Great *Charles* his double misery was this,
Unfaithful Friends, ignoble Enemies,

Had any Heathen been this Prince's foe,
He would have wept to see him injur'd so.

His Title was his Crime, they'd reason good
To quarrel at the Right they had withstood.

He broke God's Laws, and therefore he must die;
And what shall then become of thee and I?

Slander must follow Treason; but yet stay,
Take not our Reason with our King away.

Though you have seiz'd upon all our defence,
Yet do not sequester our common Sense,

But I admire not at this new supply:

No bounds will hold those who at Sceptres fly.

Christ will be King, but I ne're understood
 His Subjects built his Kingdom up with blood;
 Except their own; or that he would dispence
 With his commands, though for his own defence.
 Oh! to what height of horreur are they come
 Who dare pull down a Crown, tear up a Tomb!

II.

*On the numerous Access of the English to
 wait upon the King in Flanders.*

HAsten, Great Prince, unto thy British Isles,
 Or all thy Subjects will become Exiles.

To thee they flock, thy Presence is their home,
 As Pompey's residence made Africk Rome.

They that asserted thy Just Cause go hence
 To testifie their joy and reverence;
 And those that did not, now, by wonder taught,
 Go to confess and expiate their fault.

So that if thou dost stay, thy gasping Land
 Will it self empty on the *Belgick* land :
 Where the affrighted Dutchman does profess
 He thinks it an Invasion, not Address.
 As we unmonarch'd were for want of thee,
 So till thou come we shall unpeopled be.
 None but the close Fanatick will remain,
 Who by our Loyalty his ends will gain :
 And he th'exhausted Land will quickly find
 As desolate a place as he design'd.
 For *England* (though grown old with woes) will see
 Her long-deny'd and Sovereign Remedy.
 So when old *Jacob* could but credit give
 That his so long lost *Joseph* did still live,
 (*Joseph* that was preserved to restore
 Their lives that would have taken his before)
It is enough, (said he) to Egypt I
Will go, and see him once before I die.

III.

Arion to a Dolphin, On His Majesty's
passage into England.

WHOM does this stately Navy bring ?
O ! 'tis *Great Britain's* Glorious King,
Convey him then, ye Winds and Seas,
Swift as Desire and calm as Peace.
In your Respect let him survey
What all his other Subjects pay ;
And prophesie to them again
The splendid smoothness of his Reign.
Charles and his mighty hopes you bear :
A greater now than *Cæsar's* here ;
Whose Veins a richer Purple boast
Then ever Hero's yet engroft ;
Sprung from a Father so august,
He triumphs in his very dust.

In him two Miracles we view,
His Vertue and his Safety too :
For when compell'd by Traitors crimes
To breathe and bow in forein Climes,
Expos'd to all the rigid fate
That does on wither'd Greatness wait,
Had plots for Life and Conscience laid,
By Foes pursu'd, by Friends betray'd ;
Then Heaven, his secret potent friend,
Did him from Drugs and Stabs defend ;
And, what 's more yet, kept him upright
Midst flattering Hope and bloody Fight.
Cromwell his whole Right never gain'd,
Defender of the Faith remain'd,
For which his Predecessours fought
And writ, but none so dearly bought.
Never was Prince so much besieged,
At home provok'd, abroad obliged ;

Nor ever Man resisted thus,
No not great *Athanasius*.
No help of Friends could, or Foes spight,
To fierce Invasion him invite.
Revenge to him no pleasure is,
He spar'd their blood who gap'd for his;
Blush'd any hands the English Crown
Should fasten on him but their own,
As Peace and Freedom with him went,
With him they came from Banishment.
That he might his Dominions win,
He with himself did first begin :
And that best victory obtain'd,
His Kingdom quickly he regain'd.
Th' illustrious sufferings of this Prince
Did all reduce and all convince.
He onely liv'd with such success,
That the whole world would fight with less.

Aſiſtant Kings could but ſubdue
Thoſe Foes which he can pardon too.
He thinks no Slaughter-trophées good,
Nor Laurels dipt in Subjects blood;
But with a ſweet reſiſtleſs art
Diſarms the hand, and wins the heart;
And like a God doth reſcue thoſe
Who did themſelves and him oppoſe.
Go, wondrous Prince, adorn that Throne
Which Birth and Merit make your own;
And in your Mercy brighter ſhine
Then in the Glories of your Line:
Find Love at home, and abroad Fear,
And Veneration every where.
Th' united world will you allow
Their Chief, to whom the *English* bow:
And Monarchs ſhall to yours reſort,
As *Sheba's* Queen to *Judah's* Court;

Returning

Returning thence constrained more
 To wonder, envy, and adore.
 Disgusted *Rome* will hate your Crown,
 But she shall tremble at your Frown.

For *England* shall (rul'd and restor'd by You)
 The suppliant world protect, or else subdue.

I V.

On the Fair Weather just at Coronation.

SO clear a season, and so snatch'd from storms,
 Shews Heav'n delights to see what Man performs.
 Well knew the Sun, if such a day were dim,
 It would have been an injury to him:
 For then a Cloud had from his eye conceal'd
 The noblest sight that ever he beheld.
 He therefore check'd th' invading Rains we feared,
 And a more bright *Parentthesis* appeared.

So that we knew not which look'd most content,
The King, the People, or the Firmament.

But the Solemnity once fully past,

* * * * *

And Heav'n and Earth each other to out-doe,
Vied both in Cannons and in Fire-works too.

So *Israel* past through the divided floud,
While in obedient heaps the Ocean stood :

But the same Sea (the *Hebrews* once on shore)
Return'd in torrents where it was before.

V.

*To the Queen's Majesty on her Arrival at
Portsmouth, May 14. 1662.*

NOW that the Seas & Winds so kind are grown,
In our advantage to resign their own ;
Now you have quitted the triumphant Fleet,
And suffered English ground to kiss your Feet,

Whil'st

Whil'ſt your glad Subjects with impatience throng
To ſee a Bleſſing they have begg'd ſo long ;
Whil'ſt Nature (who in complement to you
Kept back till now her wealth and beauty too)
Hath, to attend the luſtre your eyes bring,
Sent forth her lov'd Embaſſadour the Spring ;
Whil'ſt in your praiſe Fame's echo doth conſpire
With the ſoft touches of the ſacred Lyre ;
Let an obſcurer Muſe upon her knees
Preſent you with ſuch Offerings as theſe,
And you as a Divinity adore,
That ſo your mercy may appear the more ;
Who, though of thoſe you ſhould the beſt receive,
Can ſuch imperfect ones as theſe forgive.
Hail Royal Beauty, Virgin bright and great,
Who do our hopes ſecure, our joyes complete.
We cannot reckon what to you we owe,
Who make Him happy who makes us be ſo.

We

We did enjoy but half our King before,
You us our Prince and him his peace restore.
But Heav'n for us the desp'rate debt hath paid,
Who such a Monarch hath your Trophee made.
A Prince whose Vertue did alone subdue
Armies of Mén, and of Offences too.
So good, that from him all our blessings flow,
Yet is a greater then he can bestow.
So great, that he dispences life and death,
And *Europe's* fate depends upon his breath.
(For Fortune would her wrongs to him repair,
By Courtships greater then his Mischiefs were :
As Lovers that of Jealousie repent
Grow troublesome in kind acknowledgment.)
Who greater courage shew'd in wooing you,
Then other Princes in their battels do.
Never was *Spain* so generously desi'd ;
Where they design'd a Prey, he courts a Bride.

Hence

Hence they may guess what will his Anger prove,
When he appear'd so brave in making Love;
And be more wise then to provoke his Arms,
Who can submit to nothing but your Charms.
And till they give him leisure to subdue,
His Enemies must owe their peace to you.
Whilest he and you mixing illustrious Rayes,
As much above our wishes as our praise,
Such Hero's shall produce, that even they
Without regret or blushes shall obey.

VI.

To the Queen-mother's Majesty,
Jan. 1. 166 $\frac{2}{7}$.

You justly may forsake a Land which you
Have found so guilty and so fatal too.
Fortune, injurious to your Innocence,
Shot all her poison'd arrows here, or hence.

'Twas

'Twas here bold Rebels once your Life pursu'd
(To whom 'twas Treason onely to be rude,)
Till you were forc'd by their unwearied spight
(O glorious Criminal !) to take your flight.
Whence after you all that was Humane fled ;
For here, oh ! here the Royal Martyr bled,
Whose cause and heart must be divine and high,
That having you could be content to die.
Here they purloin'd what we to you did owe,
And paid you in variety of woe.
Yet all those bellows in your breast did meet
A heart so firm, so loyal, and so sweet,
That over them you greater conquest made
Then your Immortal Father ever had.
For we may read in story of some few
That fought like him, none that indur'd like you :
Till Sorrow blush'd to act what Traitors meant,
And Providence it self did first repent.

But as our Active, so our Passive, ill
Hath made your share to be the sufferer's still.
As from our Mischiefs all your troubles grew,
'Tis your sad right to suffer for them too.
Else our Great *Charles* had not been hence so long,
Nor the Illustrious *Glon'ster* dy'd so young:
Nor had we lost a Princess all confess
To be the greatest, wisest, and the best;
Who leaving colder parts, but less unkind,
(For it was here she set, and there she shin'd,)
Did to a most ungrateful Climate come
To make a Visit, and to find a Tomb.
So that we should as much your smile despair,
As of your stay in this unpurged air;
But that your Mercy doth exceed our Crimes
As much as your Example former times,
And will forgive our Off'rings, though the flame
Does tremble still betwixt regret and shame.

For

For we have justly suffered more then you
 By the sad guilt of all your sufferings too,
 As you the great Idea have been seen
 Of either fortune, and in both a Queen,
 Live still triumphant by the noblest wars,
 And justify your reconciled stars.
 See your Offendors for your mercy bow,
 And your tri'd Vertue all Mankind allow ;
 While you to such a Race have given birth,
 As are contended for by Heaven and Earth,

VII.

*Upon the Princess Royal her Return into
 England.*

Welcome sure Pledge of reconciled Powers ;
 If Kingdoms have Good Angels, you are ours:
 For th' Ill ones check'd by your bright influence,
 Could never strike till you were hurried hence.

But then, as Streams withstood more rapid grow;
War and Confusion soon did overflow:
Such and so many sorrows did succeed;
As it would be a new one now to read.
But whilst your Lustre was to us deny'd,
You scatter'd blessings every where beside.
Nature and Fortune have so gracious been,
To give you Worth, and Scene to shew it in.
But we do most admire that gen'rous Care
Which did your glorious Brother's sufferings share;
So that he thought them in your Presence none,
And yet your sufferings did intcrease his own.
O wondrous prodigy! Oracle Divine!
Who owe more to your Actions than your Line.
Your Lives exalt your Father's deathless Name,
The blush of *England*, and the boast of Fame.
Pardon, Great Madam, this unfit Address;
Which does profane the Glory 'twould confess.

Our Crimes have banish'd us from you, and we
 Were more remov'd by them then by the Sea.
 Nor is it known whether we wrong'd you more
 When we rebell'd, or now we do adore.
 But what Guilt found, Devotion cannot miss;
 And you who pardon'd that, will pardon this.
 Your blest Return tells us our storms are ceased,
 Our faults forgiven, and our stars appeased.
 Your Mercy, which no Malice could destroy,
 Shall first bestow, and then instruct, our Joy.
 For bounteous Heav'n hath in your Highness sent
 Our great Example, Bliss, and Ornament.

VIII.

*On the Death of the Illustrious Duke of
 Gloucester.*

Great Glou'ster's dead, and yet in this we must
 Confess that angry Heaven is wise and just.

We have so long and yet so ill endured
The woes which our offences had procured,
That this new stroke would all our strength destroy,
Had we not known an intervall of Joy.
And yet perhaps this stroke had been excused,
If we this intervall had not abused,
But our Ingratitude and Discontent
Deserv'd to know our mercies were but lent :
And those complaints Heav'n in this rigid fate
Does first chastise, and then legitimate.
By this it our Divisions does reprove,
And makes us joyn in grief, if not in love.
For (Glorious Youth) all Parties do agree,
As in admiring, so lamenting thee ;
The Sovereign Subject, Foreiners delight :
Thou wert the universal Favourite,
Not *Rome's* belov'd and brave *Marcellus* fell
So much a Darling or a Miracle,

Though built of richest bloud and finest earth,
Thou hadst a heart more noble then thy birth :
Which by th' afflictive changes thou didst know,
Thou hadst but too much cause and time to shew;
For when Fate did thy Infancy expose
To the most barbarous and stupid Foes ;
Yet thou didst then so much express the Prince,
As did even them amaze, if not convince.
Nay, that loose Tyrant whom no bound confin'd,
Whō neither Laws nor Oaths nor Shame could bind,
Although his Soal was then his Look more grim,
Yet thy brave Innocence half softened him.
And he that Worth wherein thy Soul was drest
By his ill-favour'd clemency confest ;
Lessening the ill which he could not repent,
He call'd that Travel which was Banishment.
Escap'd from him, thy Trials were encreas'd ;
The scene was chang'd, but not the danger ceas'd.

Though

Now from rough Guardians to Seducers gone,
Those made thy Temper, these thy Judgment known;
Whil'st thou the noblest Champion wert for Truth,
Whether we view thy Courage or thy Youth.
If to foil Nature and Ambition claims
Greater reward then to encounter Flames,
All that shall know the story must allow
A Martyr's Crown prepared for thy brow.
But yet thou wert suspended from thy Throne,
Til thy Great Brother had regain'd his own :
Who though the bravest Sufferer, yet even he
Could not at once have mist his Crown and Thee.
But as Commission'd Angels make no stay,
But having done their errand go their way :
So thy part done, not thy restored State,
The future splendour which did for thee wait,
Nor that thy Prince and Countrey must mourn for
Such a Support and such a Counsellor,

Could longer keep thee from that bliss whence thou
 Look'st down with pity on Earth's Monarchs now ;
 Where thy capacious Soul may quench her thirst,
 And Younger Brother may inherit first.
 While on our King Heav'n does this care express,
 To make his Comforts safe he makes them less,
 For this successful Heathens use to say,
It is too much, (great Gods,) send some allay.

I X.

*To Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York,
 on her commanding me to send her some
 things that I had written.*

TO you whose Dignity strikes us with aw,
 And whose far greater Judgment gives us law,
 Your Mind b'ing more transcendent then your State,
 For while but Knees to this, Hearts bow to that,
 These humble Papers never durst come near,
 Had not your powerful Word bid them appear ;

In which such majesty, such sweetness dwells,
As in one act obliges and compells.
None can dispute commands vouchsaf'd by you.
What shall my fears then and confusion doe?
They must resign, and by their just pretence
Some value set on my obedience.
For in Religious Duties, 'tis confess,
The most Implicite are accepted best.
If on that score your Highness will excuse
This blushing tribute of an artless Muse,
She may (encourag'd by your least regard,
Which first did worth create, and then reward)
At modest distance with improved strains
That Mercy celebrate which now she gains.
But should you that severer justice use,
Which these too prompt Approches may produce,
As the swift Doe which hath escaped long,
Believes a Vulgar hand would be a wrong;

But wounded by a Prince falls without shame,
And what in life she loses, gains in fame :
So if a Ray from you chance to be sent,
Which to consume, and not to warm, is meant ;
My trembling Muse at least more nobly dies,
And falls by that a truer sacrifice.

X.

*On the Death of the Queen of
Bohemia.*

ALthough the most do with officious heat
Onely adore the Living and the Great ;
Yet this Queen's Merits Fame hath so far spread,
That she rules still, though dispossess'd and dead.
For losing one, two other Crowns remain'd ;
Over all hearts and her own griefs she reign'd,
Two Thrones so splendid, as to none are less
But to that third which she does now possess.

Her Heart and Birth Fortune so well did know,
That seeking her own fame in such a Foe,
She drest the spacious Theatre for the fight,
And the admiring World call'd to the fight :
An Army then of mighty Sorrows brought,
Who all against this single Vertue fought ;
And sometimes stratagems, and sometimes blows
To her Heroick Soul they did oppose :
But at her feet their vain attempts did fall,
And she discovered and subdu'd them all,
Till Fortune weary of her malice grew,
Became her Captiye and her Trophee too :
And by too late a suit begg'd to have been
Admitted Subject to so brave a Queen.
But as some Hero who a field hath wone,
Viewing the things he had so bravely done,
When by his spirit's flight he finds that he
With his own Life must buy the Victory,

He

He makes the slaughter'd heap that next him lies
His Funeral Pile, and then in triumph dies :
So fell this Royal Dame, with conquering spent,
And left in every breast her monument ;
Wherein so high an Epitaph is writ,
As I must never dare to copy it.
But that bright Angel which did on her wait,
In fifty years contention with her fate,
And in that office did with wonder see
How great her troubles, how much greater she ;
How she maintain'd her best Prerogative,
In keeping still the power to Forgive ;
How high she did in her Directions go,
And how her Condescension stoop'd as low ;
With how much Glory she had ever been
A Daughter, Sister, Mother, Wife, and Queen ;
Will sure employ some deathless Muse to tell
Our children this instructive Miracle,

Who may her sad Illustrious Life recite,
And after all her Wrongs may doe her Right.

XI.

On the 3. of September, 1651.

AS when the glorious Magazine of Light
Approches to his Canopy of Night,
He with new splendour clothes his dying Rayes,
And double brightness to his Beams conveys;
And, as to brave and check his ending fate,
Puts on his highest looks in 's lowest state,
Drest in such terrour as to make us all
Be *Anti-Perſians*, and adore his Fall;
Then quits the world, depriving it of Day,
While every Herb and Plant does droop away:
So when our gasping *English* Royalty
Perceiv'd her Period was now drawing nigh,

She

She summons her whole strength to give one blow,
To raise her self, or pull down others too.
Big with revenge and hope she now spake more
Of terrour then in many moneths before ;
And musters her Attendants, or to save
Her from, or else attend her to, the Grave :
Yet but enjoy'd the miserable fate
Of setting Majesty, to die in State.
Unhappy Kings, who cannot keep a Throne,
Nor be so fortunate to fall alone !
Their weight sinks others : *Pompey* could not fly,
But half the World must bear him company ;
And captiv'd *Sampson* could not life conclude,
Unless attended with a multitude.
Who'd trust to Greatness now, whose food is air,
Whose ruine sudden, and whose end despair ?
Who would presume upon his Glorious Birth,
Or quarrel for a spacious share of Earth,

That

That sees such Diadems become so cheap,
 And Hero's tumble in a common heap ?
 Oh give me Vertue then, which summes up all,
 And firmly stands when Crowns and Sceptres fall.

XII.

*To the noble Palæmon, on his incomparable
 Discourse of Friendship.*

WE had been still undone, wrapt in disguise,
 Secure, not happy ; cunning, and not wise ;
 War had been our design, Interest our trade ;
 We had not dwelt in safety, but in shade,
 Hadst thou not hung out Light more welcome far
 Than wand'ring Sea-men think the Northern-star,
 To shew, lest we our happiness should miss,
 'Tis plac'd in Friendship, Mens and Angels bliss.
 Friendship, which had a scorn or mark been made,
 And still had been derided or betray'd,

At which the great Physician still had laugh'd,
 The Souldier storm'd, and the Gallant scoff'd;
 Or worn not as a Passion, but a Plor,
 At first pretended, or at least forgot;
 Hadst thou not been our great Deliverer,
 At first discover'd, and then rescu'd her,
 And raising what rude Malice had flung down,
 Unveil'd her Face, and then restor'd her Crown:
 By such august an action to convince,
 'Tis greater to support then be a Prince.
 Oh for a Voice which big as Thunder were,
 That all Mankind thy conqu'ring truths might hear!
 Sure the Litigious as amaz'd would stand,
 As Fairy Knights touch'd with *Cabina's* Wand,
 Drawn by thy softer, and yet stronger Charms,
 * * * * *
 And what more honour can on thee be hurl'd,
 Then to protect a Vertue, save a World:

But while great Friendship thou hast copied out,
 Thou 'st drawn thy self so well, that we may doubt
 Which most appears, thy Candour or thy Art,
 Or we owe more unto thy Brain or Heart.
 But this we know without thine own consent,
 Thou 'st rais'd thy self a glorious Monument;
 And that so lasting that all Fate forbids,
 And will out-live *Egyptian Pyramids*.
 Temples and Statues Time will eat away,
 And Tombs (like their Inhabitants) decay;
 But there *Palamon* lives, and so he must
 When Marbles crumble to forgotten dust.

XIII.

To the Right Honourable Alice Countess of
 Carbury, on her enriching Wales with
 her Presence.

AS when the first day dawn'd Man's greedy Eye
 Was apt to dwell on the bright Prodigy,

Till

Till he might careless of his Organ grow,
And so his wonder prove his danger too :
So when your Countrey (which was deem'd to be
Close-mourner in its own obscurity,
And in neglected Chaos so long lay)
Was rescu'd by your beams into a Day,
Like men into a sudden lustre brought,
We justly fear'd to gaze more then we ought.

2.

From hence it is you lose most of your Right,
Since none can pay 't, nor durst doe 't if they might
Perfection's misery 'tis that Art and Wit,
While they would honour, do but injure it:
But as the Deity flights our Expence,
And loves Devotion more then Eloquence :
So 'tis our Confidence you are Divine,
Makes us at distance thus approach your Shrine.

And

And thus secur'd, to you who need no art;
I that speak least my wit may speak my heart:

3.

Then much above all zealous injury,
Receive this tribute of our shades from me,
While your great Splendour, like eternal Spring,
To these sad Groves such a refreshment bring,
That the despised Countrey may be grown,
And justly too, the Envy of the Town.
That so when all Mankind at length have lost
The Vertuous Grandeur which they once did boast;
Of you like Pilgrims they may here obtain
Worth to recruit the dying world again.

XIV.

*To Sir Edw. Deering (the noble Silvander) on
his Dream and Navy, personating Orinda's
preferring Rosannia before Solomon's
Traffick to Ophir.*

Then am I happier than is the King ;
My Merchandife does no such danger bring :
The Fleet I traffick with fears no such harms,
Sails in my fight, and anchors in my arms.
Each new and unperceived grace
Discovered in that mind and face,
Each motion, smile and look from thee
Brings pearls and *Ophir*-gold to me.

Thus far Sir Edw. Deering.

SIR, To be Noble when 'twas voted down,
To dare be Good though a whole Age should frown;
To live within, and from that even state
See all the under-world stoops to its fate ;

To give the Law of Honour, and dispence
All that is handſom, great and worthy thence;
Are things at once your practice and your end,
And which I dare admire, but not commend.
But ſince t' oblige the World is your delight,
You muſt deſcend within our watch and ſight:
For ſo Divinity muſt take diſguiſe;
Leſt Mortals periſh with the bright ſurpriſe.
And thus your Muſe, which can enough reward
All actions, ſtudied to be brave and hard,
And Honours gives then Kings more permanent;
Above the reach of Acts of Parliament,
May ſuffer an Acknowledgment from me,
For having thence receiv'd Eternity.
My thoughts with ſuch advantage you expreſs,
I hardly know them in this charming dreſs.
And had I more unkindneſs for my friend
Then my demerits e're could apprehend,

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And had I more unkindneſs for my friend
Then my demerits e're could apprehend,

Were the Fleet courted with this gale of wind,
I might be sure a rich return to find,
So when the Shepherd of his Nymph complain'd,
Apollo in his shape his Mistress gain'd:
She might have scorn'd the Swain, & found excuse,
But could not this great Oratour refuse.
But for *Rosannia's* Interest I should fear
It would be hard t' obtain your pardon here.
But your first Goodness will, I know, allow
That what was Beauty then, is Mercy now.
Forgiveness is the noblest Charity,
And nothing can worthy your favour be.
For you (God-like) are so much your own fate,
That what you will accept you must create.

X V.

To the truly-noble Mr. Henry Lawes.

NATURE, which is the vast Creation's Soul,
 That steddily curious Agent in the whole,
 The Art of Heaven, the Order of this Frame,
 Is onely Number in another name.
 For as some King conqu'ring what was his own,
 Hath choice of several Titles to his Crown;
 So Harmony on this score now, that then,
 Yet still is all that takes and governs Men.
 Beauty is but Composure, and we find
 Content is but the Accord of the Mind,
 Friendship the Union of well-tuned Hearts,
 Honour's the *Chorus* of the noblest parts,
 And all the World on which we can reflect
 Musick to th' Ear, or to the Intellect.

If then each man a Little World must be,
How many Worlds are copied out in thee,
Who art so richly formed, so complete
T' epitomize all that is Good and Great ;
Whose Stars this brave advantage did impart,
Thy Nature 's as harmonious as thy Art :
Thou dost above the Poets praises live,
Who fetch from thee th' Eternity they give,
And as true Reason triumphs over Sense,
Yet is subjected to Intelligence ;
So Poets on the lower World look down,
But *Laves* on them ; his Height is all his own,
For, like Divinity it self, his Lyre
Rewards the Wit it did at first inspire,
And thus by double right Poets allow
His and their Laurel should adorn his brow,
Live then, great Soul of Nature, to assuage
The savage dulness of this sullen Age.

Charm us to Sense ; for though Experience fail
 And Reason too, thy Numbers may prevail.
 Then, like those Ancients, strike, and so command
 All Nature to obey thy gen'rous hand.
 None will resist but such who needs will be
 More stupid then a Stone, a Fish, a Tree.
 Be it thy care our Age to new-create :
 What built a World may sure repair a State,

XVI.

*A Sea-voyage from Tenby to Bristoll, begun
 Sept. 5. 1652. sent from Bristoll to
 Lucasia Sept. 8. 1652.*

HOise up the sail, cri'd they who understand
 No word that carries kindness for the Land :
 Such sons of clamour, that I wonder not
 They love the Sea, whom sure some Storm begot.
 Had he who doubted Motion these men seen,
 Or heard their tongues, he had convinced been.

For had our Bark mov'd half as fast as they,
We had not need cast anchor by the way.
One of the rest pretending to more win,
Some small *Italian* spoke, but murder'd it ;
For I (thanks 'o *Saburna's* Letters) knew
How to distinguish 'twixt the false and true.
But t' oppose these as mad a thing would be
As 'tis to contradict a Presbyt'ry.
'Tis *spanish* though, (quoth I) e'en what you please:
For him that spoke it 'tmight be Bread and Cheese.
So softly moves the Bark which none controuls,
As are the meetings of agreeing Souls :
And the Moon-beams did on the water play,
As if at Midnight 'twould create a Day.
The amorous Wave that shar'd in such dispence
Express at once delight and reverence.
Such trepidation we in Lovers spy
Under th' oppression of a Mistress eye.

But then the Wind so high did rise and roar,
Some vow'd they'd never trust the traitor more.
Behold the fate that all our Glories sweep,
Writ in the dangerous wonders of the Deep :
And yet behold Man's easie folly more,
How soon we curse what erst we did adore.
Sure he that first himself did thus convey
Had some strong passion that he would obey.
The Bark wrought hard, but found it was in vain
To make its party good against the Main,
Toss'd and retreated, till at last we see
She must be fast if ere she should be free.
We gravely Anchor cast, and patiently
Lie prisoners to the weather's cruelty.
We had nor Wind nor Tide, nor ought but Grief,
Till a kind Spring-tide was our first relief.
Then we float merrily, forgetting quite
The sad confinement of the stormy night.

E're

E're we had lost these thoughts, we ran aground,
And then how vain to be secure, we found.
Now they were all surpriz'd. Well, if we must,
Yet none shall say that dust is gone to dust.
But we are off now, and the civil Tide
Assisted us the Tempests to out-ride.
But what most pleas'd my mind upon the way,
Was the Ship's posture when 't in Harbour lay :
Which so close to a rocky Grove was fixed,
That the Trees branches with the Tackling mixed,
One would have thought it was, as then it stood,
A growing Navy, or a floating Wood.
But I have done at last, and do confess
My Voyage taught me so much tediousness.
In short, the Heav'ns must needs propitious be,
Because *Lucasia* was concern'd in me.

XV I I A
Friendship's Mystery, To my dearest Lucasia,
 Set by Mr. Henry Lawes.

I.

Come, my *Lucasia*, since we see
 That Miracles Mens faith do move,
 By wonders and by prodigy
 To the dull angry world let's prove
 There's a Religion in our Love.

2.

For though we were design'd to agree,
 That Fate no liberty destroys,
 But our Election is as free
 As Angels, who with greedy choice
 Are yet determin'd to their joys.

Our

3.

Our hearts are doubled by the loss,
 Here Mixture is Addition grown ;
 We both diffuse, and both ingross :
 And we whose Minds are so much one,
 Never, yet ever, are alone.

4.

We count our own captivity.
 Then greatest thrones more innocent :
 'Twere banishment to be free,
 Since we wear fetters whose intent
 Not Bondage is, but Ornament.

5.

Divided joyes are tedious found,
 And griefs united easier grow :
 We are our selves but by rebound,
 And all our Titles shuffled so,
 Both Princes and both Subjects too.

Our

6.

Our Hearts are intrual Victims laid,
 While they (such power in Friendship lies)
 Are Altars, Priests, and Off-rings made :
 And each Heart which thus kindly dies,
 Grows deathless by the Sacrifice.

XVIII.

Content, To my dearest Lucasia.

I.

Content, the false World's best disguise,
 The search and faction of the Wife,
 Is so abstruse and hid in night,
 That, like that Fairy Red-cross Knight,
 Who trech'rous Falshood for clear Truth had got,
Men think they have it when they have it not.

For

2.

For Courts Content would gladly own,
 But she ne're dwelt about a Throne:
 And to be flatter'd, rich, and great,
 Are things which do Mens senses cheat,
 But grave Experience long since this did see,
 Ambition and Content would ne're agree.

3.

Some vainer would Content expect
 From what their bright Out-sides reflect:
 But sure Content is more Divine
 Then to be digg'd from Rock or Mine:
 And they that know her beauties will confess,
 She needs no lustre from a glittering dress.

4.

In Mirth some place her, but she scorns
 Th' assistance of such crackling thorns,

Not

Nor owes her self to such thin sport,
That is so sharp and yet so short :
And Painters tell us, they the same strokes place
To make a laughing and a weeping face.

5.
Others there are that place Content
In Liberty from Government :
But who his Passions do deprave,
Though free from shackles is a slave.
Content and Bondage differ onely then,
When we are chain'd by Vices, not by Men.

6.
Some think the Camp Content does know,
And that she sits o'th' Victor's brow :
But in his Laurel there is seen
Often a Cypress-bow between.
Nor will Content herself in that place give,
Where Noise and Tumult and Destruction live;

But

7.

But yet the most Discreet believe,
 The Schools this Jewel do receive,
 And thus far's true without dispute,
 Knowledge is still the sweetest fruit.
 But whil'st men seek for Truth they lose their Peace,
 And who heaps Knowledge, Sorrow doth increase.

8.

But now some sullen Hermite smiles,
 And thinks he all the World beguiles,
 And that his Cell and Dish contain
 What all mankind wish for in vain.
 But yet his Pleasure's follow'd with a Groan,
 For man was never born to be alone.

8.

Content her self best comprehends
 Betwixt two souls, and they two friends,

Whose

Whose either joyes in both are fixed,
 And multiply'd by being mixed :
 Whose minds and interests are still the same ;
 Their Grievs, when once imparted, lose their name :

10.

Peace,
 treasure.

These far remov'd from all bold noise,
 And (what is worse) all hollow joyes,
 Who never had a mean design,
 Whose flame is serious and divine,
 And calm, and even, must contented be,
 For they've both Union and Society.

11.

Then, my *Lucasia*, we have
 Whatever Love can give or crave ;
 With scorn or pity can survey
 The Trifles which the most betray ;
 With innocence and perfect friendship fired,
 By Vertue joyn'd, and by our Choice retired : —

Whose

E

Whose

Whose Mirrours are the crystal Brooks,
 Or else each others Hearts and Looks;
 Who cannot wish for other things
 Then Privacy and Friendship brings : (one,
 Whose thoughts and persons chang'd and mixt are
 Enjoy Content, or else the World hath none.

XIX.

*A Dialogue of Absence 'twixt Lucasia and
 Orinda. Set by Mr. Hen. Lawes.*

Luc. SAY, my *Orinda*, why so sad?
Orin. Absence frō thee doth tear my heart;
 Which, since with thine it union had,
 Each parting splits. *Luc.* And can we part?
Orin. Our Bodies must. *Luc.* But never we:
 Our Souls, without the help of Sense,

By wayes more noble and more free

Can meet, and hold intelligence:

Orin. And yet those Souls, when first they met,

Lookt out at windows through the Eyes.

Luc. But soon did such acquaintance get,

Not Fate nor Time can them surprize.

Orin. Absence will rob us of that blis

To which this Friendship title brings:

Love's fruits and joyes are made by this

Useless as Crowns to captiv'd Kings.

Luc. Friendship's a Science, and we know

There Contemplation's most employ'd.

Orin. Religion's so, but practick too,

And both by niceties destroy'd.

Luc. But who ne're parts can never meet,

And so that happiness were lost.

Orin. Thus Pain and Death are sadly sweet,

Since Health and Heav'n such price must cost.

Chorus.

But we shall come where no rude hand shall sever,
And there wee'l meet and part no more for ever.

X X.

To my dear Sister, Mrs. C. P. on her
Nuptial.

WE will not like those men our offerings pay
Who crown the cup, then think they crown
We make no garlands, nor an altar build, (the day.
Which help not Joy, but Ostentation yield.
Where mirth is justly grounded these wild toys

* * * * *

2.

But these shall be my great Solemnities,
Orinda's wishes for *Cassandra's* bliss.
May her Content be as unmix'd and pure
As my Affection, and like that endure;

And

And that strong Happiness may she still find
Not owing to her Fortune, but her Mind,

3.

May her Content and Duty be the same,
And may she know no Grief but in the name.
May his and her Pleasure and Love be so
Involv'd and growing, that we may not know
Who most Affection or most Peace engrost,
Whose Love is strongest, or whose Bliss is most.

4.

May nothing accidental e're appear
But what shall with new bonds their Souls endear,
And may they count the hours as they pass,
By their own Joys, and not by Sun or Glass:
While every day like this may sacred prove
To Friendship, Gratitude, and strictest Love.

XXI.

To Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silurist, on
his Poems.

HAd I ador'd the multitude, and thence
Got an antipathy to Wit and Sense,
And hugg'd that fate in hope the World would
Twas good affection to be ignorant ; (grant
Yet the least Ray of thy bright fancy seen,
I had converted, or excuseless been ;
For each Birth of thy Muse to after-times
Shall expiate for all this Age's crimes,
First shines thy Amoret, twice crown'd by thee,
Once by thy Love, next by thy Poetry:
Where thou the best of Unions dost dispence,
Truth cloth'd in Wit, and Love in Innocence,
So that the muddiest Lovers may learn here,
No Fountains can be sweet that are not clear,

There

There *Fueral* reviv'd by thee declares
 How flat man's Joys are; and how mean his Cares;
 And generally upbraids the World that they
 Should such a value for their Ruine pay.
 But when thy sacred Muse diverts her Quill;
 The Landskip to design of *Leon's* hill;
 As nothing else was worthy her or thee,
 So we admire almost t' Idolatry.
 What Savage breast would not be rap'd to find
 Such Jewels in such Cabinets enshrind?
 Thou fill'd with Joys too great to see or count;
 Descend'st from thence like *Moses* from the Mount,
 And with a candid, yet unquestion'd aw,
 Restor'st the Golden Age when Verse was Law,
 Instructing us, thou who secur'st thy fame,
 That nothing can disturb it but my name;
 Nay I have hopes that standing so near thine
 'Twill lose its drefs, and by degrees refine.

Live till the disabused World consent,
 All Truths of Use, or Strength, or Ornament;
 Are with such Harmony by thee display'd
 As the whole World was first by Number made;
 And from the charming Rigour thy Muse brings,
 Learn, there's no pleasure but in serious things.

XXII.

*A retir'd Friendship, to
 Ardelia.*

Come, my *Ardelia*, to this Bower,
 Where kindly mingling Souls awhile
 Let's innocently spend an hour,
 And at all serious follies smile.

Here is no quarrelling for Crowns,
 Nor fear of changes in our Fate;

No trembling at the great ones frowns,

Nor any slavery of State.

3.

Here's no disguise nor treachery,

Nor any deep conceal'd design;

From Bloud and Plots this place is free,

And calm as are those looks of thine.

4.

Here let us sit and bleſs our Stars,

Who did ſuch happy quiet give,

As that remov'd from noiſe of Wars

In one anothers hearts we live.

5.

Why ſhould we entertain a fear?

Love cares not how the World is turn'd;

If crouds of dangers ſhould appear,

Yet Friendſhip can be unconcern'd.

6.

We

**We wear about us such a charm,
 No horror can be our offence ;
 For mischief's self can doe no harm
 To Friendship or to Innocence.**

**Let's mark how soon Apollo's beams
 Command the flocks to quit their meat,
 And not entreat the neighbouring Springs
 To quench their thirst, but cool their heat,**

**In such a scorching Age as this
 Who would not ever seek a shade,
 Deserve their Happiness to miss,
 As having their own peace betray'd.**

**But we (of one anothers mind
 Assur'd) the boisterous World disdain ;**

With

With quiet Souls and unconfin'd
Enjoy what Princes wish in vain.

XXIII.

To Mrs. Mary Carne, when Philaster
courted her.

Madam,

AS some great Conqueror who knows no bounds,
But hunting Honour in a thousand wounds,
Pursues his rage, and thinks that Triumph cheap
That's but attended with the common heap,
Till his more happy fortune doth afford
Some Royal Captive that deserv'd his sword,
And onely now is of his Laurel proud,
Thinking his dang'rous valour well bestow'd;
But then retreats, and spending hate no more,
Thinks Mercy now what Courage was before:

As

As Cowardise in fight, so equally
He doth abhor a bloody Victory.
So, Madam, though your Beauty were allow'd
To be severe unto the yielding Croud,
That were subdu'd ere you an Object knew
Worthy your Conquest and your Mercy too;
Yet now 'tis gain'd, your Victory's complete,
Onely your Clemency should be as great.
None will dispute the power of your Eyes,
That understands *Philaster* is their prize.
Hope not your Glory can have new access,
For all your future Trophees will grow less:
And with that Homage be you satisf'd
From him that conquers all the World beside,
Nor let your Rigour now the Triumph blot,
And lose the honour which your Beauty got.
Be just and kind unto your Peace and Fame,
In being so to him, for they're the same:

And live and die at once, if you would be
Nobly transmitted to Posterity.

Take heed lest in thy story they peruse

A murder which no language can excuse :

But wisely spare the trouble of one frown ;

Give him his happiness, and know your own.

Thus shall you be as Honour's self esteem'd,

Who have one Sex oblig'd, your own redeem'd.

Thus the Religion due unto your Shrine

Shall be as Universal as Divine :

And that Devotion shall this blessing gain,

Which Law and Reason do attempt in vain.

The World shall joyn, maintaining but one strife,

Who shall most thank you for *Philaster's* life.

XXIV.

*To Mr. J. B. the noble Cratander, upon a
Composition of his which he was not willing
to own publickly.*

AS when some injur'd Prince assumes Disguise,
And strives to make his Carriage sympathize,
Yet hath a great becoming Meen and Air,
Which speaks him Royal spite of all his care :
So th' Issues of thy Soul can ne're be hid,
And the Sun's force may be as soon forbid
As thine obscur'd ; there is no Shade so great
Through which it will not dart forth light and heat.
Thus we discover thee by thy own Day
Against thy will snatching the Cloud away.
Now the Piece shines, and though we will not say,
Parents can Souls, as Tapers lights, convey ;
Yet we must grant thy Soul transmitted here
In beams almost as lasting and as clear.

And that's our highest praise, for that thy Mind
Thy Works could never a resemblance find.
That mind whose search can Nature's secret hand
At one great stroke discover and command,
Which cleareth times and things, before whose eyes
Nor Men nor Notions dare put on disguise.
And were all Authors now as much forgot
As prosperous Ignorance her self would plot,
Had we the rich supplies of thy own breast,
The knowing World would never miss the rest.
Men did before from Ignorance take their Fame,
But Learning's self is honour'd by thy Name.
Thou studiest not belief to introduce
Of Novelties, more fit for shew then use ;
But think'st it noble Charity to uphold
The credit and the Beauty of the old :
And with one hand canst easily support
Learning and Law, a Temple and a Court,

And this secures me: for as we below
 Valleys from Hills, Houses from Churches know,
 But to their fight who stand extremely high,
 These forms will have one flat Equality:
 So from a lower Soul I might well fear
 A critick censure when survey'd too near;
 But from *Cratander* (who above the best
 Lives in a height which levells all the rest)
 I may that Royalty of Soul expect,
 That can at once both pardon and neglect,
 Thus I approach, and wanting wit and sense,
 Let Trepidation be my Reverence.

XXV.

Lucasia.

Not to oblige *Lucasia* by my voice,
 To boast my fate, or justify my choice,

Is this design'd ; but pity does engage
My Pen to rescue the declining Age.
For since 'tis grown in fashion to be bad,
And to be vain or angry, proud or mad,
(While in their Vices onely Men agree) —
Is thought the onely modern Gallantry ;
How would some brave Examples check the crimes,
And both reproch, and yet reform, the Times ?
Nor can Mortality it self reclaim
Th' apostate World like my *Lucasia's* name :
Lucasia, whose rich Soul had it been known
In that Time th' Ancients call'd the *Golden* one,
When Innocence and Greatness were the same,
And Men no battels knew but in a game,
Chusing what Nature, not what Art, prefers ;
Poets were Judges, Kings Philosophers ;
Even then from her the Wise would copies draw,
And she to th' infant World had giv'n a Law.

That Souls were made of Number could not be
An Observation, but a Prophecy.

It meant *Lucasia*, whose harmonious state
The Spheres and Muses faintly imitate.

But as then Musick is best understood,
When every Chord's examin'd and found good:
So what in others Judgment is and Will,
In her is the same even Reason still.

And as some Colour various seems, but yet
'Tis but our difference in considering it:

So she now light, and then does light dispence,
But is one shining Orb of Excellence:

And that so piercing when she Judgment takes,
She doth not search, but Intuition makes:

And her Discoveries more easie are

Then *Cæsar's* Conquest in his *Pontick* War.

As bright and vigorous her beams are pure,

And in their own rich candour so secure,

That

That had she liv'd where Legends were devised,
Rome had been just, and she been canonized.
Nay Innocence her self less clear must be,
If Innocence be any thing but she.
For Vertue's so congenial to her mind,
That Liquid things, or Friends, are less combin'd.
So that in her that Sage his wish had seen,
And Vertue's self had personated been.
Now as distilled Simples do agree,
And in th' Alembick lose variety;
So Vertue, though in pieces scatter'd 'twas,
Is by her Mind made one rich useful mass.
Nor doth Discretion put Religion down,
Nor hasty Zele usurp the Judgment's crown.
Wisdom and Friendship have one single Throne,
And make another Friendship of their own.
Each sev'ral piece darts such fierce pleasing rayes,
Poetick Lovers would but wrong in praise.

All hath proportion, all hath comeliness,
 And her Humility alone excess.
 Her Modesty doth wrong a Worth so great,
 Which Calumny herself would noblier treat :
 While true to Friendship and to Nature's trust,
 To her own Merits onely she 's unjust.
 But as Divinity we best declare
 By sounds as broken as our Notions are ;
 So to acknowledge such vast Eminence,
 Imperfect Wonder is our evidence.
 No Pen *Lucasia's* glories can relate,
 But they admire best who dare imitate.

X X V I.

Wiston Vault.

ANd why this Vault and Tomb? alike we must
 Put off Distinction, and put on Dust.

Nor

Nor can the stateliest fabrick help to save
From the corruptions of a common Grave;
Nor for the Resurrection more prepare,
Then if the Dust were scatter'd into air.
What then? Th' ambition's just, say some, that we
May thus perpetuate our Memory.
Ah false vain task of Art! ah poor weak Man!
Whose Monument does more then 's Merit can:
Who by his Friends best care and love 's abused,
And in his very Epitaph misused:
For did they not suspect his Name would fall,
There would not need an Epitaph at all.
But after death too I would be alive,
And shall, if my *Lucasia* do, survive.
I quit these pomps of Death, and am content,
Having her Heart to be my Monument:
Though ne're Stone to me, 'twil Stone for me prove,
By the peculiar miracles of Love.

There I'll Inscription have which no Tomb gives,
Not, *Here Arinda lies*, but, *Here she lives*.

XXVII.

Friendship in Embleme, or the Seal.
To my dearest Lucasia.

I.

THe Hearts thus intermix'd speak
A Love that no bold shock can break :
For joyn'd and growing both in one,
Neither can be disturb'd alone.

2.

That means a mutual Knowledge too;
For what is 't either Heart can doe,
Which by its panting Centinel
It does not to the other tell ?

3.

That Friendship Hearts so much refines,
It nothing but it self designs :
The Hearts are free from lower ends,
For each point to the other tends.

4.

They flame, 'tis true, and several ways,
But still those Flames do so much raise,
That while to either they incline
They yet are noble and divine.

5.

From smoke or hurt those Flames are free,
From grossness or mortality :
The Heart (like *Moses* Bush presumed)
Warm'd and enlightned, not consumed.

6.

The Compasses that stand above
Express this great immortal Love ;
For Friends, like them, can prove this true,
They are, and yet they are not, two.

7.

And in their posture is exprest
Friendship's exalted Interest :
Each follows where the other leans,
And what each does each other means.

8.

And as when one foot does stand fast,
And t'other circles seeks to cast,
The steady part does regulate
And make the Wanderer's motion straight :

9.

So Friends are onely two in this,
T'reclaim each other when they miss;
For whofoe're will grossly fall,
Can never be a Friend at all.

10.

And as that useful Instrument
For Even lines was ever meant;
So Friendship from good Angels springs,
To teach the world Heroick things.

11.

As these are found out in design
To rule and measure every Line;
So Friendship governs actions best,
Prescribing unto all the rest.

And

12.

And as in Nature nothing 's set
So just as Lines in Number met ;
So Compasses for these b'ing made,
Do Friendship's harmony persuade.

13.

And like to them, so Friends may own
Extension, not Division :
Their Points, like Bodies, separate ;
But Head, like Souls, knows no such fate,

14.

And as each part so well is knit,
That their Embraces ever fit :
So Friends are such by destiny,
And no third can the place supply.

There

15.

There needs no Motto to the Seal :
 But that we may the mind reveal
 To the dull Eye, it was thought t fit
 That *Friendship* onely should be writ.

16.

But as there are Degrees of blifs,
 So there 's no *Friendship* meant by this,
 But such as will transmit to Fame
Lucasia and *Orinda's* name.

XXVIII.

In Memory of T. P. who died at Acton the 24.
 May 1660. at 12. and $\frac{1}{2}$ of Age.

IF I could ever write a lasting Verse,
 It should be laid, dear heart, upon thy Herse.

But

But Sorrow is no Muse, and does confess
That it least can what it would most express,
Yet that I may some bounds to Grief allow,
I'll try if I can weep in Numbers now.
Ah beauteous Blossom too untimely dead !
Whither ? ah whither is thy sweetness fled ?
Where are the charms that alwayes did arise
From the prevailing language of thy Eyes ?
Where is thy lovely air and lovely meene,
And all the wonders that in thee were seen ?
Alas ! in vain, in vain on thee I rave ;
There is no pity in the stupid Grave.
But so the Bankrupt, sitting on the brim
Of those fierce Billows which had ruin'd him,
Begg for his lost Estate, and does complain
To the inexorable Flouds in vain,
As well we may enquire when Roses die,
To what retirement their sweet Odours flie ;

Whither

Whither their Virtues and their Blushes haste,
When the short triumph of their life is past ;
Or call their perishing Beauties back with tears,
As adde one moment to thy finish'd years.
No, thou art gone, and thy presaging Mind
So thriftily thy early hours design'd,
That hasty Death was baffled in his Pride,
Since nothing of thee but thy Body dy'd.
Thy Soul was up betimes, and so concern'd
To grasp all Excellence that could be learn'd,
That finding nothing fill her thirsting here,
To the Spring-head she went to quench it there ;
And so prepar'd, that being freed from sin
She quickly might become a Cherubin.
Thou wert all Soul, and through thy Eyes it shin'd;
Asham'd and angry to be so confin'd,
It long'd to be uncag'd, and thither flown
Where it might know as clearly as 'twas known.

In these vast hopes we might thy change have found,
But that Heav'n blinds whom it decrees to wound.
For Parts so soon at so sublime a pitch,
A Judgment so mature, Fancy so rich,
Never appear unto unthankful Men,
But as a Vision to be hid again.
So glorious Scenes in Masques Spectators view
With the short pleasure of an hour or two ;
But that once past, the Ornaments are gone,
The Lights extinguish'd, and the Curtains drawn
Yet all these Gifts were thy less noble part,
Nor was thy Head so worthy as thy Heart,
Where the Divine Impression shin'd so clear,
As snatch'd thee hence, and yet endear'd thee here :
For what in thee did most command our love
Was both the cause and sign of thy remove.
Such fools are we, so fatally we choose :
For what we most would keep we soonest loose.

The humble greatness of thy Pious thought,
Sweetness unforc'd, and Bashfulness untaught,
The native Candour of thine open breast,
And all the Beams wherein thy Worth was dress'd,
Thy Wit so bright, so piercing and immense,
Adorn'd with wise and lovely Innocence,
Might have foretold thou wert not so complete,
But that our joy might be as short as great.
'Tis so, and all our cares and hopes of thee
Fled like a vanish'd Dream or wither'd Tree.
So the poor Swain beholds his ripened Corn
By some rough Wind without a Sickle torn,
Never, ah ! never let sad Parents guess
At once remove of future happiness :
But reckon Children 'mong those passing joys
Which one hour gives, and the next hour destroys.
Alas ! we were secure of our content ;
But find too late that it was onely lent,

To be a Mirrour wherein we may see
How frail we are, how spotless we should be;
But if to thy blest Soul my grief appears,
Forgive and pity these injurious tears :
Impute them to Affection's sad excess,
Which will not yield to Nature's tenderness,
Since 'twas through dearest ties and highest trust
Continued from thy Cradle to thy Dust ;
And so rewarded and confirm'd by thine,
That (wo is me !) I thought thee too much mine,
But I'll resign, and follow thee as fast
As my unhappy Minutes will make hast.
Till when the fresh remembrances of thee
Shall be my Emblems of Mortality.
For such a loss as this (bright Soul !) is not
Ever to be repaired or forgot.

XXIX.

*In memory of that excellent person Mrs. Mary
Lloyd of Bodiscift in Denbigh-shire,
who died Nov. 13. 1656, after she came
thither from Pembroke-shire.*

I. Cannot hold, for though to write were rude,
Yet to be silent were Ingratitude,
And Folly too ; for if Posterity
Should never hear of such a one as thee,
And onely know this Age's brutish fame,
They would think Vertue nothing but a Name,
And though far abler Pens must her define,
Yet her Adoption hath engaged mine :
And I must own where Merit shines so clear,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear,
Sprung from an ancient and an honour'd Stem,
Who lent her lustre, and she paid it them ;

So still in great and noble things appeared,
Who yet their Country lov'd, and yet they feared,
Match'd to another as good and great as they,
Who did their Country both oblige and sway.
Behold herself, who had without dispute
More then both Families could contribute,
What early Beauty Grief and Age had broke,
Her lovely Reliques and her Offspring spoke.
She was by nature and her Parents care
A Woman long before most others are.
But yet that antedated season she
Improv'd to Vertue, not to Liberty.
For she was still in either state of life
Meek as a Virgin, Prudent as a Wife,
And she well knew, although so young and fair,
Justly to mix Obedience and Care;
Whil'st to her Children she did still appear
So wisely kind, so tenderly severe,

That they from her Rule and Example brought
A native Honour, which she stamp'd and taught;
Nor can a single Pen enough commend
So kind a Sister and so dear a Friend;
A Wisdom from above did her secure,
Which though 'twas peaceable, was ever pure.
And if well-order'd Commonwealths must be
Paterns for every private Family;
Her House, rul'd by her hand and by her eye,
Might be a Patern for a Monarchy;
Her noble Beauty was her prudent Care,
Who handfom freedom gave, yet regular.
Solomon's wisest Woman less could doe;
She built her house, but this preserv'd hers too.
She was so pious when that she did die,
She scarce chang'd Place; I'm sure not Company.
Her Zele was primitive and practick too;
She did believe, and pray, and reade, and doe.

So firm and equal Soul she had engross,
 Just ev'n to those that disoblig'd her most,
 She lost all sense of wrong, glad to believe
 That it was in her power to Forgive.
 Her Alms I may admire, but not relate,
 But her own *works shall praise her in the gate.*
 Her Life was checquer'd with afflictive years,
 And even her Comfort season'd in her Tears.
 Scarce for a Husband's loss her eyes were dried,
 And that loss by her Children half supplied,
 When Heav'n was pleas'd not these dear Props t'af-
 But tore most off by sickness or by sword. (ford,
 She, who in them could still their Father boast,
 Was a fresh Widow every Son she lost.
 Litigious hands did her of Light deprive,
 That after all 'twas Penance to survive.
 She still these Grievs had nobly undergone,
 Which few support at all, but better none,

Such a submissive Greatness who can find
A tender Heart with so resolv'd a Mind
But she, though sensible, was still the same,
Of a refined Soul, untainted Fame,
Nor were her Vertues coustly set, for she
Out-did Example in Civility.
To bestow blessings, to oblige, relieve,
Was all for which she could endure to live.
She had a joy higher in doing good,
Then they to whom the benefit accru'd.
Though none of Honour had a quicker sense,
Never had Woman more of Complaisance;
Yet lost it not in empty forms, but still
Her Nature noble was, her Soul gentile.
And as in Youth she did attract (for she
The Verdure had without the Vanity)
So she in Age was milde and grave to all,
Was not morose, but was majesticall.

Thus from all other Women she had skill
To draw their good, but nothing of their ill.
And since she knew the mad tumultuous World,
Saw Crowns revers'd, Temples to ruine hurl'd ;
She in Retirement chose to shine and burn,
As ancient Lamps in some *Egyptian* Urn.
At last, when spent with sickness, grief and age,
Her Guardian Angel did her death presage :
(So that by strong impulse she chearfully
Dispensed blessings, and went home to die ;
That so she might, when to that place removed,
Marry his Ashes whom she ever loved)
She dy'd, gain'd a reward, and paid a debt.
The Sun himself did never brighter set.
Happy were they that knew her and her end,
More happy they that did from her descend :
A double blessing they may hope to have,
One she convey'd to them, and one she gave.

All that are hers are therefore sure to be
Blest by Inheritance and Legacy.

A Royal Birth had less advantage been.

'Tis more to die a Saint than live a Queen.

X X X.

*To the truly-competent Judge of Honour,
Lucasia, upon a scandalous Libel
made by J. Jones.*

HONOUR, which differs man frō man much more
Then Reason differ'd him from Beasts before,
Suffers this common Fate of all things good,
By the blind World to be misunderstood.
For as some Heathens did their Gods confine,
While in a Bird or Beast they made their shrine;
Depos'd their Deities to Earth, and then
Offer'd them Rites that were too low for Men:
So those who most to Honour sacrifice,
Prescribe to her a mean and weak disguise;

Imprison her to others false Applause,
And from Opinion do receive their Laws,
While that inconstant Idol they implore,
Which in one breath can murther and adore,
From hence it is that those who Honour court,
(And place her in a popular report)
Do prostitute themselves to sordid Fate,
And from their Being oft degenerate,
And thus their Tenents are too low and bad,
As if 'twere honourable to be mad :
Or that their Honour had concerned been
But to conceal, not to forbear, a sin.
But Honour is more great and more sublime,
Above the battery of Fate or Time,
We see in Beauty certain airs are found,
Which not one Grace can make, but all compound,
Honour's to th' Mind as Beauty to the Sense,
The fair result of mixed Excellence,

As many Diamonds together lie,
And dart one lustre to amaze the Eye:
So Honour is that bright Ætherial Ray
Which many Stars doth in one light display,
But as that Beauty were as truly sweet,
Were there no Tongue to praise, no Eye to see't;
And 'tis the Privilege of a native Spark,
To shed a constant Splendour in the dark:
So Honour is its own Reward and End,
And satisf'd within, cannot descend
To beg the suffrage of a vulgar Tongue,
Which by commending Vertue doth it wrong.
It is the Charter of a noble Action,
That the performance giveth satisfaction.
Other things are below't; for from a Clown
Would any Conqueror receive his Crown
'Tis restless Cowardice to be a drudge
To an uncertain and unworthy Judge,

So the *Camelion*, who lives on air,
Is of all Creatures most inclin'd to fear.
But peaceable reflexions on the Mind
Will in a silent shade Contentment find.
Honour keeps Court at home, and doth not fear
To be condemn'd abroad, if quiet there.
While I have this retreat, 'tis not the noise
Of Slander, though believ'd, can wrong my Joyes.
There is advantage in't : for Gold uncoin'd
Had been unuseful, nor with glory shin'd :
This stamp'd my Innocency in the Ore,
Which was as much, but not so bright, before.
Till an *Alembick* wakes and outward draws,
The strength of Sweets lies sleeping in their Cause :
So this gave me an opportunity
To feed upon my own Integrity.
And though their Judgment I must still disclaim,
Who can nor give nor take away a fame :

Yet I'll appeal unto the knowing few,
Who dare be just, and rip his heart to you.

XXXI.

*To Antenor, on a Paper of mine which J. Jones
threatens to publish to prejudice him.*

Must then my Crimes become his Scandal too?

Why, sure the Devil hath not much to do.

The weakness of the other Charge is clear,

When such a trifle must bring up the Rear.

But this is mad design, for who before

Lost his Repute upon anothers score?

My Love and Life I must confess are thine,

But not my Errours, they are only mine.

And if my Faults must be for thine allow'd,

It will be hard to dissipate the Cloud:

For *Eve's* Rebellion did not *Adam* blast,

Untill himself forbidden Fruit did taste.

'Tis possible this Magazine of Hell
(Whose name would turn a Virge into a spell,
Whose mischief is congenial to his life)
May yet enjoy an honourable Wife,
Nor let his ill be reckoned as her blame,
Nor yet my Follies blast *Antenor's* name,
But if those lines a Punishment could call
Lasting and great as this dark Lanthorn's gall;
Alone I'd court the Torments with content,
To testifie that thou art Innocent.
So if my Ink through malice prov'd a stain,
My Bloud should justly wash it off again.
But since that Mint of slander could invent
To make so dull a Ryme his Instrument,
Let Verse revenge the quarrel. But he's worse
Then wishes, and below a Poet's curse ;
And more then this Wit knows not how to give,
Let him be still himself, and let him live.

XXXII.

*To the truly Noble Mrs. Anne Owen, on my
first Approches.*

Madam,

AS in a Triumph Conquerors admit
Their meanest Captives to attend on it,
Who, though unworthy, have the power confest,
And justifi'd the yielding of the rest:
So when the busie World, in hope t'excuse
Their own surprize, your Conquest do peruse,
And find my name, they will be apt to say,
Your charms were blinded, or else thrown away.
There is no honour got in gaining me,
Who am a prize not worth your Victory.
But this will clear you, that 'tis general,
The worst applaud what is admir'd by all.

But

But I have Plots in't: for the way to be
 Secure of fame to all Posterity,
 Is to obtain the honour I pursue,
 To tell the World I was subdu'd by you.
 And since in you all wonders common are,
 Your Votaries may in your Vertues share;
 While you by noble Magick worth impart:
 She that can Conquer, can reclaim a heart.
 Of this Creation I shall not despair,
 Since for your own sake it concerns your care.
 For 'tis more honour that the world should know,
 You made a noble Soul, then found it so.

XXXIII.

Rosannia shadowed whilst
Mrs. Mary Awbrey.

If any could my dear *Rosannia* hate,
 They onely should her Character relate.

Truth shines so bright there, that an enemy
Would be a better Oratour then I.

Love stifles Language, and I must confess,
I had said more if I had loved less.

Yet the most critical who that Face see
Will ne're suspect a partiality.

Others by time and by degrees persuade,
But her first look doth every heart invade.

She hath a Face so eminently bright,
Would make a Lover of an Anchorite:

ow, A Face whose conquest mixt with modesty
Are both completed in Divinity.

Not her least glance but sets them all on fire,
And checks them if they would too much aspire,

Such is the Magick of her Looks, the same
Beam doth both kindle and refine our flame.

If she doth smile, no Painter e're would take
Another Rule when he would merry make.

And

And to her splendour Heaven hath allow'd,
That not a posture can her Beauty cloud :
For if she frown, none but would phanſie then
Justice deſcended here to puniſh Men.
Her common looks I know not how to call
Any one Grace, they are compos'd of all.
And if we Mortals could the doctrine reach,
Her Eyes have language, and her Looks do teach,
Such is her whole frame, Heaven does afford
Her not to be deſir'd, but ſtill ador'd.
But as in Palaces the outmoſt worſt
Rooms entertain our wonder at the firſt ;
But once within the Preſence-chamber door,
We do deſpiſe whate'er we ſaw before :
So when you with her Mind acquaintance get,
You'l hardly think upon the Cabiner,
Her Soul, that Ray ſhot from the Deity,
Doth ſtill preſerve its native purity ;

Which

Which Earth can neither threaten or allure,
Nor by false joyes defile it, or obscure.
Such Innocence within her heart doth dwell,
Angels themselves do onely parallel.
And should her whole Sex to dissembling fall,
Her own Integrity redeems them all,
Transparent, clear, and will no words admit,
And all Comparisons but flubber it,
More gently soft then is an Evening-shower:
And in that sweetness there is coucht a Power,
Which scorning pride, doth think it very hard
If Modesty should need so mean a Guard.
Her Honour is protected by her Eyes,
As the old Flaming Sword kept Paradise.
Such Constancy of temper, truth and law,
Guides all her actions, that the World may draw
From her own self the noblest Precedent
Of the most safe, wise, vertuous Government.

She courts Retirement, is herself alone
Above a Theatre, and beyond a Throne.
So rich a Soul, none can say properly
She hath, but is each noble Quality.
And as the highest Element is clear
From all the Tempests which disturb the Air:
So she above the World and its rude noise
Within a Storm a quiet Calm enjoys.
She scorns the sullen trifles of the Time,
But things transcendent do her thoughts sublime.
Unlike those Gallants which take far less care
To have their Souls then make their Bodies fair;
Who (sick with too much leisure) time do pass
With these two books, Pride and a Looking-glass:
Plot to surprize Mens hearts, their pow'r to try,
And call that Love which is mere Vanity.
But she, although the greatest Murderer,
(For ev'ry glance commits a Massacre)

Yet glories not that slaves her power confess,
But wishes that her Monarchy were less.
And if she love, it is not thrown away,
As many doe, onely to spend the day;
But her's is serious, and enough alone
To make all Love become Religion.
Yea to her Friendship she so faithful is,
That 'tis her onely blot and prejudice:
For Envy's self could never error see
Within that Soul, 'bating her love to me.
Now as I must confess the name of Friend
To her that all the World doth comprehend
Is a most wild Ambition; so for me
To draw her picture is flat Lunacy.
Oh! I must think the rest; for who can write
Or into words confine what's Infinite?

XXXIV.

*To the Queen of Inconstancy, Regina Collicia
in Antwerp.*

1.

UNworthy, since thou hast decreed
Thy Love and Honour both shall bleed,
My Friendship could not chuse to die
In better time or company.

2.

What thou hast got by this Exchange
Thou wilt perceive, when the Revenge
Shall by those treacheries be made,
For which our Faith thou hast betray'd.

3.

When thy Idolaters shall be
True to themselves, and false to thee,

Thou'lt

Thou'lt see that in Heart-merchandise,
Value, not Number, makes the price.

4.

Live to that day my Innocence
Shall be my Friendship's just defence :
For this is all the World can find,
While thou wert noble, I was kind.

5.

The desperate game that thou dost play
At private Ruines cannot stay ;
The horrid treachery of that Face
Will sure undo its native place.

6.

Then let the Frenchmen never fear
The victory while thou art there :
For if Sins will call Judgments down,
Thou hast enough to stock the Town.

XXXV.

*To the Excellent Mrs. Anne Owen, upon her
receiving the name of Lucasia, and Adoption
into our Society, Decemb. 28. 1651.*

WE are complete, and Fate hath now
No greater blessing to bestow ;
No, the dull World must now confess
We have all worth, all happiness.

Annals of State are trifles to our fame,
Now 'tis made sacred by *Lucasia's* name.

But as though through a Burning-glass
The Sun more vigorous doth pass,
Yet still with general freedom shines ;
For that contracts, but not confines :
So though by this her beams are fixed here,
Yet she diffuses glory every where.

on her
ption
Her Mind is so entirely bright,
The splendour would but wound our sight,
And must to some disguise submit,
Or we could never worship it.

And we by this relation are allow'd
Lustre enough to be *Lucas's* Cloud,

Nations will own us now to be
A Temple of Divinity ;
And Pilgrims shall ten Ages hence
Approach our Tombs with reverence.
May then that time which did such bliss convey
Be kept by us perpetual Holy-day.

XXXVI.

*To my Excellent Lucasia, on our
Friendship.*

I Did not live untill this time
Crown'd my felicity,
When I could say without a crime,
I am not thine, but Thee.

This Carcass breath'd, and walkt, and slept,
So that the World believ'd
There was a Soul the Motions kept ;
But they were all deceiv'd.

For as a Watch by art is wound
To motion, such was mine :
But never had *Orinda* found
A Soul till she found thine ;

Which

Which now inspires, cures and supplies,

And guides my darkned Breast :

For thou art all that I can prize,

My Joy, my Life, my Rest.

No Bridegrooms nor Crown-conquerors mirth

To mine compar'd can be :

They have but pieces of this Earth,

I've all the World in thee.

Then let our Flame still light and shine,

And no false fear controul,

As innocent as our Design,

Immortal as our Soul.

XXXVII. Ro-

XXXVII.

Rosannia's private Marriage.

IT was a wise and kind design of Fate,
That none should this day's glory celebrate :
For 'twere in vain to keep a time which is
Above the reach of all Solemnities.
The greatest Actions pass without a noise,
And Tumults but prophane diviner Joies.
Silence with things transcendent nearest suits,
The greatest Emperours are serv'd by Mutes,
And as in ancient time the Deities
To their own Priests reveal'd no Mysteries
Untill they were from all the World retir'd,
And in some Cave made fit to be inspir'd,
So when *Rosannia* (who hath them out-vied,
And with more Justice might be Deified ;

Who

Who if she had their Rites and Altars, we
Should hardly think it were Idolatry)
Had found a breast that did deserve to be
Receptacle of her Divinity ;
It was not fit the gazing World should know
When she convey'd her self to him, or how,
An Eagle safely may behold the Sun,
When weak Eyes are with too much Light undone.
Now as in Oracles were understood,
Not the Priests only, but the common good :
So her great Soul would not imparted be,
But in design of general Charity.
She now is more diffusive then before,
And what men then admir'd, they now adore.
For this Exchange makes not her Power less,
But only fitter for the World's Address.
May then that Mind (which if we will admit
The Universe one Soul, must sure be it)

Inform this All, (which, till she shin'd out, lay
As droufie men do in a cloudy day)
And Honour, Vertue, Reason so dispence,
That all may owe them to her influence :
And while this Age is thus employ'd, may she
Scatter new Blessings for Posterity.
I dare not any other wish prefer,
For only her bestowing adds to her.
And to a Soul so in her self complete
As would be wrong'd by any Epithere,
Whose splendour's fix'd unto her chosen Sphear,
And fill'd with Love and Satisfaction there,
What can increase the Triumph, but to see
The World her Convert and her History :

XXXVIII.

Injuria Amicitiaæ.

L Ovely Apostate! what was my offence?
Or am I punish'd for Obedience?

Must thy strange Rigour find as strange a time?

The Act and Season are an equal Crime.

Of what thy most ingenuous scorns could doe

Must I be Subject and Spectatour too?

Or were the Sufferings and Sins too few

To be sustain'd by me, perform'd by you?

Unless (with *Nero*) your uncurb'd desire

Be to survey the *Rome* you set on fire,

While wounded for and by your Power, I

At once your Martyr and your Prospect die.

This is my doom, and such a ridling Fate

As all impossibles doth complicate,

For Obligation here is Injury,
Constancy Crime, Friendship a Heresie.
And you appear so much on Ruine bent,
Your own destruction gives you now Content :
For our twinn-Spirits did so long agree,
You must undoe your self to ruine me.
And, like some Frantick Goddess, you'r inclin'd ;
To raze the Temple where you are enshrin'd
And, what's the Miracle of Cruelty,
Kill that which gave you Immortality. (springs,
While glorious Friendship, whence your Honour
Lies gasping in the Croud of common things ;
And I'me so odious, that for being kind
Doubled and studied Murthers are design'd.
Thy sin's all Paradox, for should'st thou be
Thy self again, th' wouldst be severe to me,
For thy Repentance coming now so late,
Would only change, and not relieve thy Fate.

So dangerous is the consequence of ill,
Thy least of Crimes is to be cruel still.
For of thy Smiles I should yet more complain,
If I should live to be betray'd again.
Live then (fair Tyrant) in Security,
From both my Kindness and Revenge be free ;
While I, who to the Swains had sung your Fame,
And taught each Echo to repeat your Name,
Will now my private Sorrow entertain,
To Rocks and Rivers, not to thee, complain.
And though before our Union cherish'd me,
'Tis now my pleasure that we disagree.
(For from my Passion your last Rigour grew,
And you kill'd me 'cause that I worshipp'd you.
But my worst Vows shall be your Happiness,
And not to be disturb'd by my distress.
And though it would my sacred flames pollute,
To make my heart a scorn'd prostitute ;

Yet

Yet I'll adore the Author of my Death,
And kiss your Hand that robs me of my breath.

XXXIX.

*To Regina Collier, on her Cruelty to
Philaſter.*

TRiumphant Queen of ſcorn ! how ill doth fit
In all that Sweetneſs ſuch injurious Wit ?
Unjuſt and Cruel ! what can be your prize,
To make one heart a double Sacrifice ?
Where ſuch ingenuous Rigour you do ſhew,
To break his Heart, you break his Image too ;
And by a Tyranny that's ſtrange and new,
You Murther him becauſe he Worſhips you.
No Pride can raiſe you, or can make him ſtart,
Since Love and Honour do enrich his heart.
Be Wiſe and Good, leſt when Fate will be juſt,
She ſhould o'rethrow thoſe glories in the duſt,

Riſe your Beauties, and you thus forlorn
 Make a cheap Victim to another's ſcorn;
 And in thoſe Fetters which you do upbraid
 Your ſelf a wretched Captive may be made;
 Redeem the poyſon'd Age, let it be ſeen
 There's no ſuch freedom as to ſerve a Queen.
 But you I ſee are lately Round-head grown,
 And whom you vanquiſh you inſult upon.

XL.

To Philaſter, on his Melancholy for
 Regina.

GIVE over now thy tears, thou vain

And double Murtherer ;

For every minute of thy pain

Wounds both thy ſelf and her.

Then leave this dulneſs ; for 'tis our belief,

Thy Queen muſt cure, or not deſerve, thy Grief.

XLI.

Philoclea's parting, Feb. 25. 1650.

Kinder then a condemned Man's Reprieve
Was your dear Company that bad me live,
When by *Rosannia's* silence I had been
The wretchedst Martyr any Age hath seen,
But as when Traytors faint upon the Rack,
Tormentors strive to call their Spirits back;
Not out of kindness to preserve their breath,
But to increase the Torments of their Death:
So was I raised to this glorious height,
To make my fall the more unfortunate,
But this I know, none ever dy'd before
Upon a sadder or a nobler score.

XLII.

To Rosannia, *now Mrs. Mountague,*
being with her, Septemb. 25.
 1652.

1.

AS men that are with Visions grac'd
 Must have all other thoughts displac'd;
 And buy those short descents of Light
 With loss of Sense; or Spirit's flight:

2.

So since thou wert my happiness,
 I could not hope the rate was less;
 And thus the Vision which I gain
 Is short t' enjoy, and hard t' attain:

3.

Ah then! what a poor trifle's all
 That thing which here we Pleasure call,

Since what our very Souls hath cost
Is hardly got and quickly lost :

4.

Yet is there Justice in the fate ;
For should we dwell in blest estate,
Our Joyes thereby would so inflame,
We should forget from whence we came.

5.

If this so sad a doom can quit
Me for the follies I commit ;
Let no estrangement on thy part
Adde a new ruine to my heart.

6.

When on my self I do reflect,
I can no smile from thee expect :
But if thy Kindness hath no plea,
Some freedom grant for Charity.

7.

Else the just World must needs deny
Our Friendship an Eternity :
This Love will ne're that title hold ;
For thine's too hot, and mine's too cold.

8.

Divided Rivers lose their name ;
And so our too-unequal flame
Parted, will Passion be in me,
And an Indifference in thee.

9.

Thy Absence I could easier find,
Provided thou wert well and kind,
Then such a Presence as is this,
Made up of snatches of my bliss.

10.

So when the Earth long gasps for rain,
If she at last some few drops gain,

She is more parched then at first ;
That small recruit increas'd the thirst.

XLIII.

To my Lucasia.

LEt dull Philosophers inquire no more
In Nature's womb, or Causes strive t' explore,
By what strange harmony and course of things
Each body to the whole a tribute brings ;
What secret unions secret Neighbourings make,
And of each other how they do partake.
These are but low Experiments : but he
That Nature's harmony intire would see,
Must search agreeing Souls, sit down and view
How sweet the mixture is, how full, how true ;
By what soft touches Spirits greet and kiss,
And in each other can complete their bliss.

A wonder so sublime, it will admit
No rude Spectator to contemplate it.
The Object will refine, and he that can
Friendship revere must be a Noble man.
How much above the common rate of things
Must they then be from whom this Union springs ?
But what's all this to me, who live to be
Disprover of my own Morality ?
And he that knew my unimproved Soul,
Would say I meant all Friendship to controul.
But Bodies move in time, and so must Minds ;
And though th' attempt no easie progress finds,
Yet quit me not, lest I should desp'rate grow,
And to such Friendship adde some Patience now.
O may good Heav'n but so much Vertue lend,
To make me fit to be *Lycasia's* Friend !
But I'll forsake my self, and seek a new
Self in her breast that's far more rich and true.

Thus the poor Bee unmark'd doth humme and fly,
 And droan'd with age would unregarded dy,
 Unless some curious Artist thither come
 Will bleſs the Inſect with an Amber-tomb,
 Then glorious in its funeral the Bee
 Gets Eminence and gets Eternity.

XLIV.

On Controversies in Religion.

Religion, which true Policy befriends,
 Design'd by God to ſerve Man's nobleſt ends,
 Is by that old Deceiver's ſubtile play
 Made the chief party in its own decay,
 And meets that Eagle's deſtiny, whoſe breaſt
 Felt the ſame ſhaft which his own feathers dreſt,
 For that great Enemy of Souls perceiv'd,
 The notion of a Deity was weav'd

So closely in Man's Soul; to ruine that,
He must at once the World depopulate.
But as those Tyrants who their Wills pursue,
If they expound old Laws, need make no new :
So he advantage takes of Nature's light,
And raises that to a bare useless height ;
Or while we seek for Truth, he in the Quest
Mixes a Passion, or an Interest,
To make us lose it ; that, I know not how,
'Tis not our Practice, but our Quarrel now.
And as in th' Moon's Eclipse some Pagans thought
Their barbarous Clamours her deliverance wrought:
So we suppose that Truth oppressed lies,
And needs a Rescue from our Enmities.
But 'tis Injustice, and the Mind's Disease,
To think of gaining Truth by losing Peace.
Knowledge and Love, if true, do still unite;
God's Love and Knowledge are both Infinite.

And

And though indeed Truth does delight to lie
At some Remoteness from a Common Eye ;
Yet 'tis not in a Thunder or a Noise,
But in soft Whispers and the stiller Voice.
Why should we then Knowledge so rudely treat ,
Making our weapon what was meant our meat ?
'Tis Ignorance that makes us quarrel so ;
The Soul that's dark will be contracted too,
Chimera's make a noise, swelling and vain,
And soon resolve to their own smoak again.
But a true Light the spirit doth dilate,
And robs it of its proud and sullen state ;
Makes Love admir'd because 'tis understood,
And makes us Wise because it makes us Good.
'Tis to a right Prospect of things that we
Owe our Uprightness and our Charity.
For who resists a beam when shining bright,
Is not a Sinner of a common height.

That

That State's a forfeiture, and helps are spent,
Not more a Sin then 'tis a Punishment.
The Soul which sees things in their Native frame,
Without Opinion's Mask or Custom's name,
Cannot be clogg'd to Sense, or count that high
Which hath its Estimation from a Lie.
(Mean sordid things, which by mistake we prize,
And absent cover, but enjoy'd despise.)
But scorning these hath robb'd them of their art,
Either to swell or to subdue the Heart;
And learn'd that generous frame to be above
The World in hopes, below it all in love :
Touch'd with Divine and Inward Life doth run,
Not resting till it hath its Centre won ;
Moves steadily untill it safe doth lie
I' th' Root of all its Immortality ;
And resting here hath yet activity
To grow more like unto the Deity ;

Good

Good, Universal, Wise and Just as he,
(The same in kind, though differing in degree)
Till at the last 'tis swallow'd up and grown
With God and with the whole Creation one ;
It self, so small a part, i' th' Whole is lost,
And Generals have Particulars engrost.
That dark contracted Personality,
Like Mists before the Sun, will from it flie.
And then the Soul, one shining spear, at length
With true Love's wisdom fill'd and purged strength,
Beholds her highest good with open face,
And like him all the World she can embrace.

XLV.

To the Honour'd Lady, E. C.

Madam,

I Do not write to you that men may know
How much I'm honour'd that I may do so:

Nor

Nor hope (though I your rich Example give)
To write with more success than I can live,
To cure the Age ; nor think I can be just,
Who onely dare to write because I must,
I'm full of you, and something must express,
To vent my wonder and your pow'r confess,
Let me then breathe in Verse, which though undue,
The best would seem so when it shadows you.
Had I ne're heard of your Illustrious Name,
Nor known the *Scotch* or *English* Honour's fame ;
Yet if your glorious Frame did but appear,
I could have soon made all your Grandeur there.
I could have seen in each majestic ray
What Greatness Ancestours could e're convey ;
And in the lustre of your Eyes alone,
How near you were allied to the Throne :
Which yet doth lessen you, who cannot need
Those bright advantages which you exceed.

For

For you are such, that your Descent from Kings
Receives more Honour from you then it brings :
As much above their Glories as our Toil.
A Court to you were but a handsom foil.
And if we name the Stock on which you grew,
'Tis rather to doe right to it then you :
For those that would your greatest splendour see,
Must reade your Soul more then your Pedigree,
For as the sacred Temple had without
Beauty to feed those eyes that gaz'd about,
And yet had riches, state and wonder more,
For those that stood within the shining door ;
But in the Holy place they admit few,
Lustre receiv'd and Inspiration too :
So though your Glories in your Face be seen,
And so much bright Instruction in your Meen ;
You are not known but where you will impart
The treasures of your more illustrious Heart.

Religion all her odours sheds on you,
Who by obeying vindicate her too :
For that rich Beam of Heaven was almost
In nice Disputes and false Pretences lost ;
So doubly injur'd, she could scarce subsist
Betwixt the Hypocrite and Casuist ;
Till you by great Example did convince
Us of her nature and her residence ,
And chose to shew her face, and ease her grief,
Less by your Arguments then by your Life ;
Which, if it should be copied out, would be
A solid Body of Divinity.

Your Principle and Practice light would give
What we should doe, and what we should believe :
For the extensive Knowledge you profess,
You do acquire with more ease then confess.
And as by you Knowledge has thus obtain'd
To be refin'd, and then to be explain'd :

So

So in return she useful is to you,
In Practice and in Contemplation too;
For by the various succours she hath lent,
You act with Judgment, and think with Content.
Yet those vast Parts with such a Temper meet,
That you can lay them at Religion's feet:
Nor is it half so bold as it is true;
That Vertue is her self oblig'd to you:
For being drest by your seducing Charms,
She conquers more then did the *Roman Arms*.
We see in you how much that Malice ly'd;
That stuck on Goodness any sullen Pride;
And that the harshness some Professours wear
Falls to their own, and not Religion's share;
But your bright Sweetness if it but appear,
Reclaims the bad, and softens the austere.
Men talk'd of Honour too, but could not tell
What was the secret of that active spell.

That

That beauteous Mantle they to divers lent,
Yet wonder'd what the mighty Nothing meant.
Some did confine her to a worthy Fame,
And some to Royal Parents gave her Name.
You having claim unto her either way,
By what a King could give, a World could pay,
Have a more living Honour in your breast,
Which justifies, and yet obscures the rest ;
A Principle from Fame and Pomp unt'y'd,
So truly high that it despises Pride ;
Buying good actions at the dearest rate,
Looks down on ill with as much scorn as hate ;
Acts things so generous and bravely hard,
And in obliging finds so much Reward ;
So Self-denying great, so firmly just,
Apt to confer, strict to preserve a Trust ;
That all whose Honour would be justified,
Must by your standards have it stamp'd and tried.

But your Perfection heightens others Crimes,
And you reproch while you inform the Times.
Which sad advantage you will scarce believe,
Or if you must, you do conceal and grieve.
You scorn so poor a foil as others ill,
And are Protectour to th' unhappy still ;
Yet are so tender when you see a spot,
You blush for those who for themselves could not,
You are so much above your Sex, that we
Believe your Life our greatest courtesie :
For Women boast, they have you while you live
A Pattern and a Representative.
And future Mothers who in Child-bed groan,
Shall wish for Daughters knowing you are one.
The world hath Kings whose Crowns are cemented
Or by the blood they boast, or that they shed :
Yet these great Idols of the stooping crew
Have neither Pleasure sound nor Honour true.

They

They either fight or play, and Power court,
In trivial anger or in civil sport.
You, who a nobler Privilege enjoy,
(For you can save whom they can but destroy)
An Empire have where different mixtures kiss;
You'r grave, not sour, and kind, but not remiss.
Such sweetned Majesty, such humble State
Do love and Reverence at once create.
Pardon (dear Madam) these untaught Essayes,
I can admire more fitly then I praise.
Things so sublime are dimly understood,
And you are born so great, and are so good,
So much above the Honour of your Name,
And by neglect do so secure your Fame;
Whose Beautie's such as captivates the Wife,
Yet you only of all the World despise;
That have so vast a Knowledge so subdued,
Religion so adorn'd, and so pursued;

A Wit so strong, that who would it define,
Will need one ten times more acute then mine ;
Yet rul'd so that its Vigour manag'd thus
Becomes at once graceful and generous ;
Whose Honour has so delicate a Sense,
Who alwayes pardon, never give offence ;
Who needing nothing, yet to all are kind,
Who have so large a Heart, so rich a Mind ;
Whose Friendship still's of the obliging side,
And yet so free from tyranny and Pride ;
Who do in love like *Jonathan* descend,
And strip your self to cloath your happy friend ;
Whose kindness and whose modesty is such,
T' expect so little and deserve so much ;
Who have such candid worth, such dear concern,
Where we so much may love, and so much learn ;
Whose very wonder though it fills and shines,
It never to an ill excess declines ;

But all are found so sweetly opposite,
 As are in *Titian's* Pieces Shade and Light :
 That he that would your great Description try,
 Though he write well, would be as lost as I,
 Who of injurious Zele convicted stand,
 To draw you with so bold and bad a hand ;
 But that, like other Glories, I presume
 You will enlighten where you might consume.

XLVI.

Parting with Lucafia, Jan. 13. 1657.

A Song.

I.

Well, we will doe that rigid thing
 Which makes Spectators think we part ;
 Though Absence hath for none a sting
 But those who keep each others heart,

2.

And when our Sense is dispossess,
Our labouring Souls will heave and pant,
And grasp for one anothers breast,
Since they their Conveyances want,

3.

Nay, we have felt the tedious smart
Of absent Friendship, and do know
That when we die we can but part;
And who knows what we shall doe now ?

4.

Yet I must go : we will submit,
And so our own Disposers be ;
For while we noblier suffer it,
We triumph o're Necessity.

5.

By this we shall be truly great,
If having other things o'recome,

To make our victory complete
We can be Conquerors at home,

6.

Nay then to meet we may conclude,
And all Obstructions overthrow,
Since we our Passion have subdu'd,
Which is the strongest thing I know.

XLVII.

Against Pleasure. Set by Dr. Coleman.

I.

THere's no such thing as Pleasure,
'Tis all a perfect Cheat,
Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose Charm is but Deceit :
The empty bribe of yielding Souls,
Which first betrays, and then controuls.

2.

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair ;

But if we do approach,

The fruit of *Sodom* will impair,

And perish at a touch :

It being then in phancy less,

And we expect more then possess.

3.

For by our Pleasures we are cloy'd,

And so Desire is done ;

Or else, like Rivers, they make wide

The Channel where they run :

And either way true blifs destroys,

Making Us narrow, or our Joys.

4.

We cover Pleasure easily,

But it not so possess ;

For many things must make it be,
 But one way makes it less,
 Nay, were our state as we could chuse it,
 'Twould be consum'd for fear to lose it,
 What art thou then, thou winged Air,
 More swift then winged Fame:
 Whose next successour is Despair,
 And its attendant Shame,
 Th' Experience-Prince then reason had,
 Who said of Pleasure, *It is mad,*

XLVIII.

Out of Mr. More's Cop. Conf.

THrice happy he whose Name is writ above,
 Who doeth good though gaining infamy,
 Requith evil turns with hearty love,
 And cares not what befalls him outwardly;

Whose

Whose worth is in himself, and onely blifs
In his pure Conscience, which doth nought amifs:

Who placeth pleasure in his purged Soul,
And Vertuous Life his treasure does esteem ;
Who can his Passions master and controul,
And that true Lordly Manlines doth deem :
Who from this World himself hath dearly quit,
Counts nought his own but what lives in his sp'rit,

So when his Spirit from this vain World shall flit,
It bears all with it whatsoe're was dear
Unto it self, passing an easie Fit ;
As kindly Corn ripened comes out of th' Ear,
Careless of what all idle men will say,
He takes his own and calmly goes his way.

Eternal Reason, Glorious Majesty,
Compar'd to whom what can be said to be
Whose Attributes are Thee, who art alone
Cause of all various things, and yet but One;
Whose Essence can no more be search'd by Man,
Then Heav'n thy Throne be grasped with a Span,
Yet if this great Creation was design'd
To several ends fitted for every kind,
Sure Man (the World's Epitome) must be
Form'd to the best, that is, to study thee.
And as our Dignity, 'tis Duty too,
Which is summ'd up in this, to know and do,
These comely rows of Creatures spell thy Name,
Whereby we grope to find from whence they came,
By thy own Change of Causes brought to think
There must be one, then find that highest Link,
Thus all created Excellence we see
Is a resemblance faint and dark of thee.

Such

Such shadows are produc'd by the Moon-beams
Of Trees or Houses in the running streams,
Yet by Impressions born with us we find
How good, great, just thou art, how unconfin'd,
Here we are swallow'd up, and daily dwell
Safely adoring what we cannot tell,
All we know is, thou art supremely good,
And dost delight to be so understood,
A spicy Mountain on the Universe,
On which thy richest Odours do disperse,
But as the Sea to fill a Vessel heaves
More greedily than any Cask receives,
Besieging round to find some gap in it,
Which will a new Infusion admit :
So dost thou covet that thou mayst dispence
Upon the empty World thy Influence ;
Lov'st to disburse thy self in kindness : Thus
The King of Kings waits to be gracious,

On this account, O God, enlarge my heart
To entertain what thou wouldst fain impart,
Nor let that Soul, by several titles thine,
And most capacious form'd for things Divine,
(So nobly meant, that when it most doth miss,
'Tis in mistaken pantings after Bliss)
Degrade it self in sordid things delight,
Or by prophaner mixtures lose its right.
Oh! that with fixt unbroken thoughts it may
Admire the light which does obscure the day.
And since 'tis Angels work it hath to doe,
May its composure be like Angels too.
When shall these clogs of Sense and Fancy break,
That I may hear the God within me speak?
When with a silent and retired art
Shall I with all this empty hurry part?
To the Still Voice above, my Soul, advance;
My light and joy's plac'd in his Countenance.

By

By whose dispence my Soul to such frame brought,
 May tame each trech'rous, fix each scatt'ring thought;
 With such distinctions all things here behold,
 And so to separate each dross from gold,
 That nothing my free Soul may satisfie,
 But t' imitate, enjoy, and study thee.

XLIX.

To Mrs. M. A. upon Absence. Set by

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

TIs now since I began to die
 Four Moneths and more; yet gasping live;
 Wrapp'd up in sorrow do I lie,
 Hoping, yet doubting, a Reprieve.
Adam from Paradise expell'd
 Just such a wretched being held.

¶Tis

2.

'Tis not thy Love I fear to lose,
 That will in spight of absence hold;
 But 'tis the benefit and use
 Is lost as in imprison'd Gold :
 Which, though the Sum be ne're so great,
 Enriches nothing but conceit.

3.

What angry Star then governs me
 That I must feel a double smart,
 Prisoner to fate as well as thee ;
 Kept from thy face, link'd to thy heart ?
 Because my Love all love excells,
 Must my Grief have no Parallels ?

4.

Sapless and dead as Winter here
 I now remain, and all I see

Copies

Copies of my wild state appear,

But I am their Epitome.

Love me no more, for I am grown

Too dead and dull for thee to own.

L.

L' Amitie. To Mrs. Mary Awbrey.

Soul of my Soul, my joy, my crown, my Friend,

A name which all the rest doth comprehend ;

How happy are we now, whose Souls are grown

By an incomparable mixture one :

Whose well-acquainted Minds are now as near

As Love, or Vows, or Friendship can endear :

I have no thought but what's to thee reveal'd ;

Nor thou desire that is from me conceal'd.

Thy Heart locks up my Secrets richly fet ;

And my Breast is thy private Cabinet.

Thou

Thou shed'st no tear but what my moisture lent,
 And if I sigh, it is thy breath is spent.
 United thus, what Horrour can appear
 Worthy our Sorrow, Anger, or our Fear:
 Let the dull World alone to talk and fight,
 And with their vast Ambitions Nature fright;
 Let them despise so Innocent a flame,
 While Envy, Pride and Faction play their game:
 But we by Love sublim'd so high shall rise,
 To pity Kings, and Conquerours despise;
 Since we that Sacred Union have engroft
 Which they and all the fullen World have lost.

L I.

In Memory of Mr. Cartwright.

Stay, Prince of Phancie, stay, we are not fit
 To welcome or admire thy Raptures yet:

L

Such

Such horrid Ignorance benights the Times,
 That Wit and Honour are become our Crimes.
 But when those happy Pow'rs which guard thy dust
 To us and to thy Mem'ry shall be just,
 And by a flame from thy blest Genius lent
 Rescue us from our dull Imprisonment,
 Unsequester our Fancies, and create
 A Worth that may upon thy Glories wait:
 We then shall understand thee, and descry
 The splendour of restored Poetry.
 Till when let no bold hand profane thy shrine,
 'Tis high Wit-Treason to debase thy coin.

LII.

Mr. Francis Finch, the Excellent Palæmon.

THis is confess'd Presumption, for had I
 All that rich stock of Ingenuity

Which

Which I could wish for this, yet would it be
Palamon's blot, a pious Injury.

But as no Votaries are scorn'd when they
The meanest Victim in Religion pay ;
Not that the Pow'r they worship needs a guine,
But that they speak their thanks for all with some :
So though the most contemptible of all
That do themselves *Palamon's* Servants call ;
I know that Zele is more then Sacrifice,
(For God did not the Widow's Mite despise,)
And that *Palamon* hath Divinity,
And Mercy in its highest property :
He that doth such transcendent Merit own,
Must have imperfect Offerings or none,
He's one rich Lustre which doth Rayes dispenſe,
As Knowledge will when set in Innocence.
For Learning did select his noble breast,
Where (in her native Majesty) to rest ;

Free from the Tyranny and Pride of Schools,
Who have confin'd her to Pedantick Rules ;
And that gentiler Errour which doth take
Offence at Learning for her Habit's sake :

Palamon hath redeem'd her, who may be
Esteem'd himself an University,

And yet so much a Gentleman, that he
Needs not (though he enjoys) a Pedigree.

Sure he was built and sent to let us know
What man completed could both be and doe,
Freedom from Vice is in him Nature's part,
Without the help of Discipline or Art.

He's his own Happiness and his own Law,
Whereby he keeps Passion and Fate in awe.

Nor was this wrought in him by Time and Growth,
His Genius had anticipated both.

- Had all men been *Palamons*, Pride had ne're
- Taught one man Tyranny, the other Fear ;

Ambition had been full as Monstrous then
As this ill World doth render Worthy men.
Had men his Spirit, they would soon forbear
Groveling for dirt, and quarrelling for air.
Were his harmonious Soul diffus'd in all,
We should believe that men did never fall.
It is *Palamon's* Soul that hath engross'd
Th' ingenuous candour that the World hath lost;
Whose own Mind seats him quiet, safe and high,
Above the reach of Time or Destiny.
'Twas he that rescu'd gasping Friendship when
The Bell toll'd for her Funerall with men:
'Twas he that made Friends more then Lovers burn,
And then made Love to sacred Friendship turn:
I was he turn'd Honour inward, set her free
From Titles and from Popularity.
Now fix'd to Vertue she begs Praise of none,
But's Witness'd and Rewarded both at home.

And in his breast this Honour's so enshrin'd,
As the old Law was in the Ark confin'd :

To which Posterity shall all consent,
And less dispute then Acts of Parliament.

He's our Original, by whom we see
How much we fail, and what we ought to be.
But why do I to Copy him pretend ?

My Rymes but libel whom they would commend.

'Tis true ; but none can reach what's set too high :

And though I miss, I've noble Company :

For the most happy language must confess,

It doth obscure *Palamon*, not express.

LIII.

To Mrs. M. A. at parting.

I.

I Have examin'd and do find,
Of all that favour me

There's none I grieve to leave behind
But onely onely thee.

To part with thee I needs must die,
Could Parting separate thee and I.

2.

But neither Chance nor Complement
Did element our Love ;
'Twas sacred Sympathy was lent
Us from the Quire above.

That Friendship Fortune did create
Still fears a wound from Time or Fate.

3.

Our chang'd and mingled Souls are grown
To such acquaintance now,
That if each would assume their own,
Alas ! we know not how.
We have each other so engross'd,
That each is in the Union lost.

4.

And thus we can no Absence know,
Nor shall we be confin'd ;
Our active Souls will daily go .
To learn each others mind .
Nay, should we never meet to Sense,
Our Souls would hold Intelligence.

5.

Inspired with a Flame Divine
I scorn to court a stay ;
For from that noble Soul of thine
I ne're can be away .
But I shall weep when thou dost grieve ;
Nor can I die whilst thou dost live.

6.

By my own temper I shall guess
At thy felicity,

And

And onely like thy happiness
Because it pleaseth thee.
Our hearts at any time will tell
If thou or I be sick or well.

7.

All Honour sure I must pretend,
All that is Good or Great ;
She that would be *Rosannia's* Friend,
Must be at least complete.
If I have any bravery,
'Tis 'cause I have so much of thee.

8.

Thy Leiger Soul in me shall lie,
And all thy thoughts reveal ;
Then back again with mine shall flie,
And thence to me shall steal.
Thus still to one another tend ;
Such is the sacred name of *Friend*.

Thus

9.

Thus our twin-souls in one shall grow,
And teach the World new Love,
Redeem the Age and Sex, and shew
A Flame Fate dares not move :
And courting Death to be our friend,
Our Lives together too shall end.

10.

A Dew shall dwell upon our Tomb
Of such a quality,
That fighting Armies thither come
Shall reconciled be.
We'll ask no Epitaph, but say
ORINDA and ROSANNIA.

LIV.

*To my dearest Antenor, on
his Parting.*

THough it be just to grieve when I must part
With him that is the Guardian of my Heart ;
Yet by an happy change the loss of mine
Is with advantage paid in having thine.
And I (by that dear Guest instructed) find
Absence can doe no hurt to Souls combin'd,
As we were born to love, brought to agree
By the impressions of Divine Decree :
So when united nearer we became,
It did not weaken, but increase, our Flame.
Unlike to those who distant joys admire,
But slight them when possess'd of their desire.
Each of our Souls did in its temper fit,
And in the other's Mould so fashion'd it,
That

That now our Inclinations both are grown,
Like to our Interests and Persons, one ;
And Souls whom such an Union fortifies,
Passion can ne're destroy, nor Fate surprize,
Now as in Watches, though we do not know
When the Hand moves, we find it still doth go :
So I, by secret Sympathy inclin'd,
Will absent meet, and understand thy mind ;
And thou at thy return shalt find thy Heart
Still safe, with all the love thou didst impart.
For though that treasure I have ne're deserv'd,
It shall with strong Religion be preserv'd.
And besides this thou shalt in me survey
Thy self reflected while thou art away.
For what some forward Arts do undertake,
The Images of absent Friends to make,
And represent their actions in a Glass,
— Friendship it self can onely bring to pass,

That

That Magick which both Fate and Time beguiles,
And in a moment runs a thousand miles.
So in my Breast thy Picture drawn shall be,
My Guide, Life, Object, Friend and Destiny :
And none shal know, though they imploy their wit,
Which is the right *Antenor*, thou, or it.

L V.

*Engraven on Mr. John Collier's Tomb-stone
at Bedlington.*

Here what remains of him doth lie,
Who was the World's Epitome,
Religion's Darling, Merchants Glory,
Mens true Delight, and Vertue's Story ;
Who, though a Prisoner to the Grave,
A glorious Freedom once shall have :
Till when no Monument is fit,
But what's beyond our love and wit.

LVI. *on*

LVI.

*On the little Regina Collier, on the same
Tomb-stone.*

Vertue's Blossom, Beautie's Bud,
The Pride of all that's fair and good,
By Death's fierce hand was snatched hence
In her state of Innocence :
Who by it this advantage gains,
Her wages got without her pains.

LVII.

Friendship.

Let the dull brutish World that know not Love
Continue Hereticks, and disapprove
That noble Flame ; but the refined know
'Tis all the Heaven we have here below.

Nature

Nature subsists by Love, and they do tie
Things to their Causes but by Sympathy.
Love chains the different Elements in one
Great Harmony, link'd to the Heav'nly Throne.
And as on Earth, so the blest Quire above
Of Saints and Angels are maintain'd by Love ;
That is their Business and Felicity,
And will be so to all Eternity.
That is the Ocean, our Affections here
Are but streams borrow'd from the Fountain there,
And 'tis the noblest Argument to prove
A Beauteous mind, that it knows how to Love.
Those kind Impressions which Fate can't controul,
Are Heaven's mintage on a worthy Soul.
For Love is all the Arts Epitome,
And is the Sum of all Divinity.
He's worse then Beast that cannot Love, and yet
It is not bought for Money, Pains or Wit ;

For

For no change or design can Spirits move,
But the Eternal destiny of Love :
And when two Souls are chang'd and mixed so,
It is what they and none but they can doe.
This, this is Friendship, that abstracted flame
Which groveling Mortals know not how to name,
All Love is sacred, and the Marriage-tie
Hath much of Honour and Divinity.
But Lust, Design, or some unworthy ends
May mingle there, which are despis'd by Friends,
Passion hath violent extreams, and thus
All oppositions are contiguous.
So when the end is serv'd their Love will bate,
If Friendship make it not more fortunate :
Friendship, that Love's Elixir, that pure fire
Which burns the clearer 'cause it burns the higher.
For Love, like earthly fires (which will decay
If the material fuel be away)

Is with offensive smoke accompanied,
And by resistance only is supplied :
But Friendship, like the fiery Element,
With its own Heat and Nourishment content,
Where neither hurt, nor smoke, nor noise is made,
Scorns the assistance of a foreign aid.
(Friendship (like Heraldry) is hereby known,
' Richest when plainest, bravest when alone,
Calm as a Virgin, and more Innocent
Then sleeping Doves are, and as much content
As Saints in Visions ; quiet as the Night,
But clear and open as the Summer's light ;
United more then Spirits Faculties,
Higher in thoughts then are the Eagle's eyes ;
Free as first Agents are, true Friends and kind,
As but their selves I can no likeness find,

LVIII.
The Enquiry.

I.

IF we no old Historian's name
Authentick will admit,
But think all said of Friendship's fame
But Poetry or Wit :
Yet what's rever'd by Minds so pure
Must be a bright Idea sure.

2.

But as our Immortality
By inward sense we find,
Judging that if it could not be,
It would not be design'd :
So here how could such Copies fall,
If there were no Original :

But

3.

But if Truth be in ancient Song,
Or Story we believe,
If the inspir'd and greater Throng
Have scorned to deceive ;
There have been Hearts whose Friendship gave
Them thoughts at once both soft and grave.

4.

Among that consecrated Crew
Some more Seraphick shade
Lend me a favourable Clew
Now mists my eyes invade,
Why, having fill'd the World with fame,
Left you so little of your flame ?

5.

Why is't so difficult to see
Two Bodies and one Mind ?

M 2

And

And why are those who else agree

So difficultly kind ?

Hath Nature such fantastick art,

That she can vary every Heart ?

6.

Why are the bands of Friendship tied

With so remiss a knot,

That by the most it is defied,

And by the most forgot ?

Why do we step with so light sense

From Friendship to Indifference ?

7.

If Friendship Sympathy impart,

Why this ill-shuffled game,

That Heart can never meet with Heart,

Or Flame encounter Flame ?

What does this Cruelty create ?

Is't the Intrigue of Love or Fate ?

Had

8.

Had Friendship ne're been known to Men,

(The Ghost at last confest)

The World had then a stranger been

To all that Heav'n posselt.

But could it all be here acquir'd,

Not Heav'n it self would be desir'd.

LIX.

*To my Lucasia, in defence of declared
Friendship.*

1.

O My *Lucasia*, let us speak our Love,

And think not that impertinent can be,

Which to us both doth such assurance prove,

And whence we find how justly we agree.

2.

Before we knew the treasures of our Love,

Our noble aims our joys did entertain ;

And shall enjoyment nothing then improve ?

'Twere best for us then to begin again.

3.

Now we have gain'd, we must not stop, and sleep

Out all the rest of our mysterious reign :

It is as hard and glorious to keep

A victory, as it is to obtain.

4.

Nay, to what end did we once barter Minds,

Onely to know and to neglect the claim ?

Or (like some Wantons) our Pride pleasure finds

To throw away the thing at which we aim.

5.

If this be all our Friendship does design,

We covet not enjoyment then, but power :

To our Opinion we our Bliss confine,

And love to have, but not to smell, the flower.

Ah !

6.

Ah ! then let Misers bury thus their Gold,
Who though they starve no farthing wil produce:
But we lov'd to enjoy and to behold,
And sure we cannot spend our stock by use.

7.

(Think not 'tis needless to repeat desires ;
(The fervent Turtles alwayes court and bill,
(And yet their spotless passion never tires,
(But does increase by repetition still.

8.

Although we know we love, yet while our Soul
Is thus imprisoned by the Flesh we wear,
There's no way left that bondage to controul,
But to convey transactions through the Ear.

9.

Nay, though we reade our passions in the Eye,
It will oblige and please to tell them too :

Such joys as these by motion multiply,
Were 't but to find that our Souls told us true,

10.

Believe not then, that being now secure
Of either's heart, we have no more to doe :
The Spheres themselves by motion do endure,
And they move on by Circulation too,

11.

And as a River, when it once hath paid
The tribute which it to the Ocean owes,
Stops not, but turns, and having curl'd and play'd
On its own waves, the shore it overflows :

12.

So the Soul's motion does not end in bliss,
But on her self she scatters and dilates,
And on the Object doubles still ; by this
She finds new joys which that reflux creates.

But

13.

But then because it cannot all contain,
It seeks a vent by telling the glad news,
First to the Heart which did its joys obtain,
Then to the Heart which did those joys produce.

14.

When my Soul then doth such excursions make,
Unless thy Soul delight to meet it too,
What satisfaction can it give or take,
Thou being absent at the interview ?

15.

'Tis not Distrust ; for were that plea allow'd,
Letters and Visits all would useles grow :
Love, whose expression then would be its cloud,
And it would be refin'd to nothing so.

16.

If I distrust, 'tis my own worth for thee,
'Tis my own fitness for a love like thine ;

And

And therefore still new evidence would see,
T' assure my wonder that thou canst be mine.

17.

But as the Morning-Sun to drooping Flowers,
As weary Travellers a Shade do find,
As to the parched Violet Evening-showers ;
Such is from thee to me a Look that's kind.

18.

But when that Look is drest in Words, 'tis like
The mystick pow'r of Musick's union ;
Which when the Finger doth one Viol strike,
The other's string heaves to reflection.

19.

Be kind to me, and just then to your love,
To which we owe our free and dear Converse ;
And let not tract of Time wear or remove
It from the privilege of that Commerce.

Tyran ts

20.

Tyrants do banish what they can't requite :
But let us never know such mean desires ;
But to be grateful to that Love delight
Which all our joys and noble thoughts inspires.

L X.

La Grandeur d'esprit.

A Chosen Privacy, a cheap Content,
And all the Peace a Friendship ever lent,
A Rock which civil Nature made a Seat,
A Willow that repels the mid-day heat ,
The beauteous quiet of a Summer's day,
A Brook which sobb'd aloud and ran away,
Invited my Repose, and then conspir'd
To entertain my Phancie that retir'd,
As *Lucian's* Ferry-man aloft did view
The angry World, and then laugh'd at it too :

So

So all its fullen Follies seem to me
But as a too-well acted Tragedy.
One dangerous Ambition doth befool,
Another Envies to see that man Rule :
One makes his Love the Parent of his Rage,
For private Friendship publickly t' engage :
And some for Conscience, some for Honour die ;
And some are merely kill'd they know not why.
More different then mens faces are their ends,
Whom yet one common Ruine can make Friends.
Death, Dust and Darknes they have only won,
And hastily unto their Periods run.
Death is a Leveller ; Beauty and Kings
And Conquerours, and all those glorious things
Are tumbled to their Graves in one rude heap,
Like common dust, as common and as cheap.
At greater Changes who would wonder then,
Since Kingdoms have their Fates as well as men ?

They

They must fall sick and die ; nothing can be
In this World certain, but uncertainty.
Since Pow'r and Greatness are such slippery things,
Who'd pity Cottages, or envy Kings ?
Now least of all, when, weary of deceit,
The World no longer flatters with the Great.
Though such Confusions here below we find,
As Providence were wanton with Mankind :
Yet in this Chaos some things do send forth,
Like Jewels in the dark, a Native worth.
He that derives his high Nobility,
Not from the mention of a Pedigree ;
Who thinks it not his Praise that others know
His Ancestors were gallant long agoe ;
Who scorns to boast the Glories of his blood,
And thinks he can't be great that is not good ;
Who knows the World, and what we Pleasure call,
Yet cannot sell one Conscience for them all ;

VWho

Who hates to hoard that Gold with an excuse
For which he can find out a nobler use ;
Who dares not keep that Life that he can spend,
To serve his God, his Country, and his Friend ;
Fallhood and Flattery doth so much hate,
He would not buy ten Lives at such a rate ;
Whose Soul, then Diamonds more rich and clear,
Naked and open as his face doth wear ;
Who dares be good alone in such a time,
When Vertue's held and punish'd as a Crime ;
Who thinks dark crooked Plots a mean defence,
And is both safe and wise in Innocence ;
Who dares both fight and die, but dares not fear ;
Whose only doubt is, if his cause be clear ;
Whose Courage and his Justice equal worn,
Can dangers grapple, overcome and scorn,
Yet not insult upon a conquer'd foe,
But can forgive him and oblige him too ;

V Whose

Whose Friendship is congenial with his Soul,
Who where he gives a heart bestows it whole;
Whose other ties and Titles here do end,
Or buried or completed in the Friend ;
Who ne'er resumes the Soul he once did give,
While his Friend's Company and Honour live ;
And if his Friend's content could cost the price,
Would count himself a happy Sacrifice ;
Whose happy days no Pride infects, nor can
His other Titles make him slight the man ;
No dark Ambitious thoughts do cloud his brow,
Nor restless cares when to be Great and how ;
Who scorns to envy Truth where e'er it be,
But pities such a Golden Slavery;
With no mean fawnings can the people court,
Nor wholly slight a popular report ;
Whose house no Orphan groans do shake or blast,
Nor any riot of help to serve his taste ;

Who from the top of his Prosperities
Can take a fall, and yet without surprize ;
Who with the same angust and even state
Can entertain the best and worst of Fate ;
Whose suffering's sweet, if Honour once adorn it ;
Who flights Revenge, not that he fears, but scorns
Whose Happiness in ev'ry Fortune lives, (it ;
For that no Fortune either takes or gives ;
Who no unhandsome wayes can bribe his Fate ;
Nay, out of Prison marches through the Gate ;
Who losing all his Titles and his Pelf,
Nay, all the World, can never lose himself ;
This Person shines indeed, and he that can
Be Vertuous is the great Immortal man.

LXI.

A Country-life.

HOW Sacred and how Innocent

A Country-life appears;

How free from Tumult, Discontent,

From Flattery or Fears!

This was the first and happiest Life,

When man enjoy'd himself ;

Till Pride exchanged Peace for Strife,

And Happiness for Pelf,

'Twas here the Poets were inspir'd,

And sang their Mysteries ;

And while the listning World admir'd,

Mens Minds did civilize.

That Golden Age did entertain

No Passion but of Love ;

N

The

The thoughts of Ruling and of Gain

Did ne're their Fancies move,

None then did envy Neighbour's wealth,

Nor Plot to wrong his bed :

Happy in Friendship and in Health,

On Roots, not Beasts, they fed,

They knew no Law nor Phyſick then,

Nature was all their Wit.

And if there yet remain to men

Content, ſure this is it.

What Bleſſings doth this World afford

To tempt or bribe deſire ?

For Courtſhip is all Fire and Sword,

Who would not then retire ?

Then welcome deareſt Solitude,

My great Felicity ;

Though ſome are pleas'd to call thee rude,

Thou art not ſo, but we.

Such

Such as do covet only rest

A Cottage will suffice :

Is it not brave to be possess

Of Earth but to despise

Opinion is the rate of things,

From hence our Peace doth flow ;

I have a better Fate than Kings,

Because I think it so,

When all the stormy World doth wear,

How unconcern'd am I :

I cannot fear to tumble lower

That never could be high,

Secure in these unenvi'd walls

I think not on the State,

And pity no mans case that falls

From his Ambition's height,

Silence and Innocence are safe ;

A heart that's nobly true

At all these little Arts can laugh
That do the World subdue.
While others Revel it in State,
Here I'll contented sit,
And think I have as good a Fate
As Wealth and Pomp admit.
Let some in Courtship take delight,
And to th' *Exchange* resort;
There Revel out a Winter's night,
Not making Love, but Sport.
These never knew a noble Flame,
'Tis Lust, Scorn, or Design:
While Vanity plays all their Game,
Let Peace and Honour mine.
When the inviting Spring appears,
To *Hide-Parke* let them go,
And hasting thence be full of fears
To lose *Spring-Garden* shew.

Let others (nobler) seek to gain
In Knowledge happy Fate,
And others busie them in vain
To study wayes of State,
But I, resolved from within,
Confirmed from without,
In Privacy intend to spin
My future Minutes out,
And from this Hermitage of mine
I banish all wild toys,
And nothing that is not Divine
Shall dare to tempt my Joyes:
There are below but two things good,
Friendship and Honesty,
And only those alone I would
Ask for Felicity,
In this retir'd Integrity,
Free from both War and noise,

I live not by Necessity,
But wholly by my Choice.

LXII.

*To Mrs. Wogan, my Honour'd Friend, on the
Death of her Husband.*

DRy up your tears, there's enough shed by you,
And we must pay our share of Sorrows too.

It is no private loss when such men fall,

The World's concern'd, and Grief is general.

But though of our Misfortune we complain,

To him it is injurious and vain.

For since we know his rich Integrity,

His real Sweetness, and full Harmony ;

How free his heart and house were to his Friends,

Whom he oblig'd without Design or Ends ;

How universal was his Courtesie,

How clear a Soul, how even, and how high ;

How

How much he scorn'd disguise or meaner Arts,
But with a native Honour conquer'd Hearts ;
We must conclude he was a Treasure lent,
Soon weary of this fordid Tenement.

The Age and World deserv'd him not, and he
Was kindly snatch'd from future Misery.

We can scarce say he's Dead, but gone to rest,
And left a Monument in ev'ry breast.

For you to grieve then in this sad excess,
Is not to speak your Love, but make it less.

A noble Soul no Friendship will admit,
But what's Eternal and Divine as it.

The Soul is hid in mortal flesh we know,
And all its weaknesses must undergo,
Till by degrees it does shine forth at length,
And gathers Beauty, Purity, and Strength :
But never yet doth this Immortal Ray
Put on full splendour till it put off Day.

So Infant Love is in the worthiest breast ;
By Sense and Passion fetter'd and oppress'd ;
But by degrees it grows still more refin'd,
And scorning clogs only concerns the Mind,
Now as the Soul you lov'd is here set free
From its material gross capacity ;
Your Love should follow him now he is gone,
And quitting Passion, put Perfection on.
Such Love as this will its own good deny,
If its dear Object have Felicity,
And since we cannot his great Loss Reprieve,
Let's not lose you in whom he still doth Live,
For while you are by Grief secluded thus,
It doth appear your Funeral to us.

LXIII.

*In memory of the most justly honoured,
Mrs. Owen of Orielson.*

AS when the ancient World by Reason liv'd;
The *Asian* Monarch's deaths were never griev'd;
Their glorious Lives made all their Subjects call
Their Rites a Triumph, not a Funeral:
So still the Good are Princes, and their Fate
Invites us not to weep, but imitate.
Nature intends a progress of each stage
Whereby weak Man creeps to succeeding Age,
Ripens him for that Change for which he's made,
Where th' active Soul is in her Centre laid.
And since none stript of Infancy complain,
'Cause 'tis both their necessity and gain:
So Age and Death by slow approaches come,
And by that just inevitable doom

By

By which the Soul (her cloggy dross once gone)
Puts on Perfection, and resumes her own.
Since then we mourn a happy Soul, O why
Disturb we her with erring Piety ?
Who's so enamour'd on the beauteous Ground,
When with rich Autumn's livery hung round,
As to deny a Sickle to his Grain,
And not undress the teeming Earth again ?
Fruits grow for use, Mankind is born to die ;
And both Fates have the same necessity.
Then grieve no more, sad Relatives, but learn ;
Sigh not, but profit by your just concern.
Reade over her Life's volume : wise and good,
Not 'cause she must be so, but 'cause she wou'd.
To chosen Vertue still a constant friend,
She saw the Times which chang'd, but did not mend,
And as some are so civil to the Sun,
They'd fix his beams, and make the Earth to run :

So she unmov'd beheld the angry Fate
Which tore a Church, and overthrew a State :
Still durst be Good, and own the noble Truth,
To crown her Age which had adorn'd her Youth.
Great without Pride, a Soul which still could be
Humble and high, full of calm Majesty.
She kept true state within, and could not buy
Her Satisfaction with her Charity.
Fortune or Birth ne're rais'd her Mind, which stood
Not on her being rich, but doing good.
Oblig'd the World, but yet would scorn to be
Paid with Requitals, Thanks or Vanity.
How oft did she what all the World adore,
Make the Poor happy with her useful store :
So general was her Bounty, that she gave
Equality to all before the Grave.
By several means she different persons ty'd,
Who by her Goodness onely were ally'd.

Her Vertue was her Temper, not her Fir ;
Fear'd nothing but the Crimes which some commit
Scorn'd those dark Arts wth pass for Wisdom now,
Nor to a mean ignoble thing could bow,
And her vast Prudence had no other end,
But to forgive a Foe, endear a Friend :
To use, but slight, the World ; and fixt above,
Shine down in beams of Piety and Love.
Why should we then by poor and just complaint
Prove envious Sinners 'cause she is a Saint ?
Close then the Monument ; let not a Tear
That may prophane her Ashes now appear :
For her best Obsequies are that we be
Prudent and Good, Noble and Sweet, as she.

LXIV.

A Friend.

I.

Love, Nature's Plot, this great Creation's Soul,
The Being and the Harmony of things,
Doth still preserve and propagate the whole,
From whence Mans Happiness & Safety springs:
The earliest, whitest, blessedst Times did draw
From her alone their universal Law.

2.

Friendship's an Abstract of this noble Flame,
'Tis Love refin'd and purg'd from all its dross,
The next to Angels Love, if not the same,
As strong in passion is, though not so gross.
It antedates a glad Eternity,
And is an Heaven in Epitome.

Nobler

3.

Nobler then Kindred or then Marriage-band,
 Because more free ; Wedlock-felicity
 It self doth onely by this Union stand,
 And turns to Friendship or to Misery.
 Force or Design Matches to pass may bring,
 But Friendship doth from Love and Honour spring.

4.

If Souls no Sexes have, for Men t' exclude
 Women from Friendship's vast capacity,
 Is a Design injurious or rude,
 Onely maintain'd by partial tyranny.
 Love is allow'd to us and Innocence,
 And noblest Friendships do proceed from thence.

5.

The chiefest thing in Friends is Sympathy :
 There is a Secret that doth Friendship guide,
 Which

Which makes two Souls before they know agree,
 Who by a thousand mixtures are ally'd,
 And chang'd and lost, so that it is not known
 Within which breast doth now reside their own.

6.

Essential Honour must be in a Friend,
 Not such as every breath fans to and fro ;
 But born within, is its own judge and end, (know
 And dares not sin though sure that none should
 Where Friendship's spoke, Honesty's understood ;
 For none can be a Friend that is not Good.

7.

Friendship doth carry more then common trust,
 And Treachery is here the greatest sin.
 Secrets depofed then none ever must
 Presume to open, but who put them in.
 They that in one Chest lay up all their stock,
 Had need be sure that none can pick the Lock.

A Breast

8.

A breast too open Friendship does not love,
For that the others Trust will not conceal;
Nor one too much reserv'd can it approve;
Its own Condition this will not reveal,
We empty Passions for a double end,
To be refresh'd and guarded by a Friend,

9.

Wisdom and Knowledge Friendship does require;
The first for Counsel, this for Company;
And though not mainly, yet we may desire
For complaisance and Ingenuity,
Though ev'ry thing may love, yet 'tis a Rule,
He cannot be a Friend that is a Fool,

10.

Discretion uses Parts, and best knows how
And Patience will all Qualities commend:

That

That serves a need best, but this doth allow

The Weaknesses and Passions of a Friend.

We are not yet come to the Quire above :

Who cannot Pardon here, can never Love.

II.

Thick Waters shew no Images of things ;

Friends are each others Mirrours, and should be

Clearer then Crystal or the Mountain Springs,

And free from Clouds, Design or Flattery.

For vulgar Souls no part of Friendship share :

Poets and Friends are born to what they are.

12.

Friends should observe & chide each others Faults,

To be severe then is most just and kind; (thoughts :

Nothing can 'scape their search who know the

This they should give and take with equal Mind.

For Friendship, when this Freedom is deny'd,

Is like a Painter when his hands are ty'd.

13.

A Friend should find out each Necessity,

And then unask'd relief't at any rate:

It is not Friendship, but Formality,

To be desir'd ; for Kindness keeps no state.

Of Friends he doth the Benefactor prove,

That gives his Friend a means t' express his Love.

14.

Absence doth not from Friendship's right excuse :

They who preserve each others heart and fame

Parting can ne're divide, it may diffuse ;

As Liquors which asunder are the same.

Though Presence help'd them at the first to greet,

Their Souls know now without those aids to meet.

15.

Constant and Solid, whom no storms can shake,

Nor death unfix, a right Friend ought to be;

And

And if condemned to survive, doth make
 No second choice, but Grief and Memory;
 But Friendship's best Fate is, when it can spend
 A Life, a Fortune, all to serve a Friend.

L X V.

L'Accord du Bien.

1.

ORder, by which all things are made,
 And this great World's foundation laid,
 Is nothing else but Harmony,
 Where different parts are brought t'agree.

2.

As Empires are still best maintain'd
 Those ways which first their Greatness gain'd;
 So in this universal Frame
 What made and keeps it is the same.

O 2

Thus

3.

Thus all things unto peace do tend;
Even Discords have it for their end.
The cause why Elements do fight,
Is but their Instinct to Unite.

4.

Musick could never please the Sense
But by United excellence :
The sweetest Note which Numbers know,
If struck alone, would tedious grow.

5.

Man, the whole World's Epitome,
Is by creation Harmony.
'Twas Sin first quarrel'd in his breast,
Then made him angry with the rest.

6.

But Goodness keeps that Unity,
And loves its own society

So

So well, that seldom it is known
One real Worth to dwell alone.

7.

And hence it is we Friendship call
Not by one Vertue's name, but all.
Nor is it when bad things agree
Thought Union, but Conspiracy.

8.

Nature and Grace, such enemies
That when one fell t'other did rise,
Are now by Mercy even set,
As Stars in Constellations met.

9.

If Nature were it self a sin,
Her Author (God) had guilty been:
But Man by sin contracting stain,
Shall purg'd from that be clear again.

10.

To prove that Nature's excellent
Even Sin it self 's an argument :
Therefore we Nature's stain deplore,
Because it self was pure before.

11.

And Grace destroys not, but refines,
Unveils our Reason, then it shines ;
Restores what was deprest by sin,
The fainting beam of God within.

12.

The main spring (Judgment) rectify'd,
Will all the lesser Motions guide,
To spend our Labour, Love and Care,
Not as things seem, but as they are.

13.

'Tis Fancy lost, Wit thrown away,
In trifles to imploy that Ray,

Which

Which then doth in full lustre shine
When both Ingenuous and Divine.

14.

To Eyes by Humours vitiated
All things seem falsely coloured :
So 'tis our prejudicial thought
That makes clear Objects seem in fault.

15.

They scarce believe united good,
By them 'twas never understood :
They think one Grace enough for one,
And 'tis because their selves have none.

16.

We hunt Extremes, and run so fast,
We can no steddy judgment cast :
He best surveys the Circuit round
Who stands i'th' middle of the ground.

17.

That happy mean would let us see
Knowledge and Meekness may agree ;
And find, when each thing hath its name,
Passion and Zele are not the same.

18.

Who studies God doth upwards fly,
And height's still lesser to our eye ;
And he that knows God, soon will see
Vast cause for his Humility.

19.

For by that search it will be known
There's nothing but our Will our own :
And whoso doth that stock imploy,
Will find more cause for Shame then Joy.

20.

We know so little and so dark,
And so extinguish our own spark,

That

That he who furthest here can go,
Knows nothing as he ought to know.

21.

It will with the most Learned sute
More to enquire then dispute:
But Vapours swell within a Cloud,
And Ignorance 'tis makes us proud.

22.

So whom their own vain Heart believs,
Like Inflammations quickly rise:
But that Soul which is truly great
Is lowest in its own conceit.

23.

Yet while we hug our own mistake,
We Censures, but not Judgments, make;
And thence it is we cannot see
Obedience stand with Liberty,

Provi-

24.

Providence still keeps even state;
But he can best command his Fate,
Whose Art by adding his own Voice,
Makes his Necessity his Choice,

25.

Rightly to rule ones self must be,
The hardest, largest Monarchy:
Whose Passions are his Masters grown,
Will be a Captive in a Throne.

26.

He most the inward freedom gains,
Who just Submissions entertains:
For while in that his Reason sways,
It is himself that he obeys.

27.

But onely in Eternity
We can these beauteous Unions see;

For

For Heaven's self and Glory is
But one harmonious constant Bliss,

LXVI.

Invitation to the Country.

BE kind, my dear *Rosanna*, though 'tis true
Thy Friendship will become thy Penance too ;
Though there be nothing can reward the pain,
Nothing to satisfy or entertain ;
Though all be empty, wild, and like to me,
Who make new Troubles in my Company :
Yet is the action more obliging great ;
'Tis Hardship only makes Desert complete,
But yet to prove Mixtures all things compound,
There may in this be some advantage found ;
For a Retirement from the noise of Towns,
Is that for which some Kings have left their Crowns.

And

And Conquerours, whose Laurel prest the brow,
Have chang'd it for the quiet Myrtle-bow.
For Titles, Honours, and the World's Address,
Are things too cheap to make up Happiness;
The easie Tribute of a giddy race,
And pay'd less to the Person than the place.
So false reflected and so short content
Is that which Fortune and Opinion lent,
That who most try'd it have of it complain'd,
With Titles burthen'd and to Greatness chain'd.
For they alone enjoy'd what they possess,
Who relisht most and understood it best.
And yet that understanding made them know
The empty swift dispatch of all below.
So that what most can outward things endear,
Is the best means to make them disappear :
And even that Tyrant (Sense) doth these destroy,
As more officious to our Grief then Joy.

Thus

Thus all the glittering World is but a cheat,
Obtruding on our Sense things Gross for Great.
But he that can enquire and undisguise,
Will soon perceive the thing that hidden lies ;
And find no Joys merit esteem but those
Whose Scene lies only at our own dispose.
Man unconcern'd without himself may be
His own both Prospect and Security.
Kings may be Slaves by their own Passions hurl'd,
But who commands himself commands the World.
A Country-life assits this study best,
Where no distractions do the Soul arrest :
There Heav'n and Earth lie open to our view,
There we search Nature and its Author too ;
Possess with Freedom and a real State
Look down on Vice, and Vanity, and Fate.
There (my *Rosannia*) will we, mingling Souls,
Pity the Folly which the World controuls ;

And

And all those *Grandeurs* which the World do prize
We either can enjoy, or can despise.

LXVII.

In Memory of Mrs. E. H.

AS some choice Plant cherish'd by Sun and Air,
And ready to requite the Gard'ner's care,
Blossoms and flourishes, but then we find
Is made the Triumph of some ruder Wind :
So thy untimely Grave did both entomb
Thy Sweetness now, and wonders yet to come,
Hung full of hopes thou felt'st a lovely prize,
Just as thou didst attract all Hearts and Eyes.
Thus we might apprehend, for had thy years
Been lengthen'd to have pay'd those vast arrears
The World expected, we should then conclude,
The Age of Miracles had been renew'd.

For thou already hast with ease found out
What others study with such pangs and doubt ;
That frame of Soul which is content alone,
And needs no Entertainment but its own.
Thy even Mind, which made thee good and great,
Was to thee both a shelter and retreat.
Of all the Tumults which the World do fill
Thou wert an unconcern'd Spectatour still :
And, were thy duty punctually supply'd,
Indifferent to all the World beside.
Thou wert made up with a Resolv'd and fix'd,
And wouldst not with a base Allay be mix'd ;
Above the World, couldst equally despise
Both its Temptations and its Injuries ;
Couldst summe up all, and find not worth desire
Those glittering Trifles which the most admire ;
But with a nobler aim, and nobler born,
Look down on Greatness with contempt and scorn.

Thou

Thou hadst no Arts that others this might see,
Nor lov'dst a Trumpet to thy Piety :
But silent and retir'd, calm and serene,
Stol'st to thy blest Haven hardly seen.
It were vain to describe thee then, but now
Thy vast accession harder is to know ;
How full of light, and satisfy'd thou art,
So early from this treach'rous World to part ;
How pleas'd thou art reflexions now to make,
And find thou didst not things below mistake ;
In how abstracted converse thou dost live,
How much thy Knowledge is intuitive ;
How great and bright a glory is enjoy'd
With Angels, and in Mysteries employ'd.
'Tis sin then to lament thy Fate, but we
Should help thee to a new Eternity ;
And by successive Imitation strive,
Till Time shall die, to keep thee still alive ;

And

And (by thy great Example furnish'd) be
More apt to live than write this Elogy.

LXVIII.

Submission.

TIs so, and humbly I my will resign,
Nor dare dispute with Providence Divine;
In vain, alas ! we struggle with our chains,
But more entangled by the fruitless pains,
For as i'th' great Creation of this All
Nothing by chance could in such order fall;
And what would single be deform'd confess,
Grows beauteous in its union with the rest :
So Providence like Wisdom we allow,
(For what created once does govern now)
And the same Fate that seems to one Reverse,
Is necessary to the Universe,

All these particular and various things,
Link'd to their Causes by such secret Springs,
Are held so fast, and govern'd by such Art,
That nothing can out of its order start.
The World's God's watch, where nothing is so smal,
But makes a part of what composes all :
Could the least Pin be lost or else displac'd,
The World would be disorder'd and defac'd.
It beats no Pulse in vain, but keeps its time,
And undiscern'd to its own height doth climb ;
Strung first, and daily wound up by his hand
Who can its motions guide or understand.
No secret cunning then nor multitude
Can Providence divert, cross or delude.
And her just full decrees are hidden things,
Which harder are to find then Births of Springs.
Yet all in various Consorts fitly sound,
And by their Discords Harmony compound.

Hence

Hence is that Order, Life and Energy,
Whereby Forms are preserv'd though Matters die ;
And shifting dress keep their own living seat :
So that what kills this, does that propagate.
This made the ancient Sage in Rapture cry,
That sure the World had full Eternity.
For though it self to Time and Fate submit,
He's above both who made and governs it ;
And to each Creature hath such Portion lent,
As Love and Wisdom sees convenient.
For he's no Tyrant, nor delights to grieve
The Beings which from him alone can live.
He's most concern'd, and hath the greatest share
In man, and therefore takes the greatest care
To make him happy, who alone can be
So by Submission and Conformity.
For why should Changes here below surprize,
When the whole World its resolution tries ?

Where were our Springs, our Harvests pleasant use,
Unless Vicissitude did them produce ?
Nay, what can be so wearisome a pain
As when no Alterations entertain ?
To lose, to suffer, to be sick and die,
Arrest us by the same Necessity.
Nor could they trouble us, but that our mind
Hath its own glory unto dross confin'd.
For outward things remove not from their place,
Till our Souls run to beg their mean embrace,
Then doating on the choice make it our own,
By placing Trifles in th' Opinion's Throne.
So when they are divorc'd by some new cross,
Our Souls seem widow'd by the fatal loss :
But could we keep our Grandeur and our state,
Nothing below would seem unfortunate,
But Grace and Reason, which best succours bring,
Would with advantage manage every thing ;

And

And by right Judgment would prevent our moan
For losing that which never was our own.
For right Opinion's like a Marble grott, —
In Summer cool, and in the Winter hot ; —
A Principle which in each Fortune lives,
Bestowing Catholick Preservatives.
'Tis this resolves, there are no losses where
Vertue and Reason are continued there.
The meanest Soul might such a Fortune share,
But no mean Soul could so that Fortune bear.
Thus I compose my thoughts grown insolent,
As th' *Irish* harper doth his Instrument ;
Which if once struck doth murmure and complain,
But the next touch will silence all again.

LXIX.

2 Cor. 5. 19. *God was in Christ Reconciling the World to himself.*

When God, contracted to Humanity,
Could sigh and suffer, could be sick and die;
When all the heap of Miracles combin'd
To form the greatest, which was, save Mankind:
Then God took stand in Christ, studying a way
How to repair the Ruin'd World's decay.
His Love, Pow'r, Wisdom, must some means procure
His Mercy to advance, Justice secure:
And since Man in such Misery was hurl'd,
It cost him more to save than made the World.
Oh! what a desp'rate load of sins had we,
When God must plot for our Felicity?
When God must beg us that he may forgive,
And dy himself before Mankind could live?

And

And what still are we, when our King in vain
Begg his lost Rebels to be Friends again ?
What floods of Love proceed from Heaven's smile,
At once to pardon and to reconcile?
Oh wretched Men! who dare your God confine,
Like those who separate what he does joyn.
Go stop the Rivers with an Infant's hand,
Or count with your Arithmetick the Sand ;
Forbid the Light, the fertile Earth perswade
To shut her bosome from the Lab'rer's Spade :
And yield your God (if these cannot be done)
As universal as the Sea or Sun.
What God hath made he therefore cannot hate,
For 'tis one act to Love and to Create :
And he's too perfect full of Majesty,
To need additions from our Misery.
He hath a Father's, not a Tyrant's, joy ;
'Tis equal Pow'r to save, as to destroy.

Did there ten thousand Worlds to ruine fall,
One God could save, one Christ redeem them all,
Be silent then, ye narrow Souls, take heed
• Lest you restrain the Mercy you will need,
But, O my Soul, from these be different,
Imitate thou a nobler Precedent :
As God with open Arms the World does woe,
Learn thou like God to be enlarged too ;
As he begs thy consent to pardon thee,
Learn to submit unto thy Enemy;
As he stands ready thee to entertain,
Be thou as forward to return again;
As he was Crucify'd for and by thee,
Crucifie thou what caus'd his Agony ;
And like to him be mortify'd to sin,
Die to the World as he dy'd for it then.

L X X.

The World.

WE falsly think it due unto our Friends,
That we should grieve for their untimely
He that surveys the World with serious eyes, (ends.
And strips her from her gross and weak disguise,
Shall find 'tis Injury to mourn their Fate ;
He onely dies untimely who dyes late.
For if 'twere told to Children in the Womb,
To what a Stage of Mischiefs they must come ;
Could they foresee with how much toil and sweat
Men court that gilded nothing, being Great ;
What pains they take not to be what they seem,
Rating their blifs by others false esteem ,
And sacrificing their Content, to be
Guilty of grave and serious Vanity ;

How

How each Condition hath its proper Thorns,
And what one man admires, another scorns ;
How frequently their Happiness they miss,
And so far from agreeing what it is,
That the same Person we can hardly find
Who is an hour together in one mind :
Sure they would beg a Period of their breath,
And what we call their Birth would count their
Mankind are mad ; for none can live alone, ^{(Death.}
Because their Joys stand by comparison :
And yet they quarrel at Society,
And strive to kill they know not whom, nor why,
We all live by Mistake, delight in Dreams,
Lost to our selves, and dwelling in Extremes ;
Rejecting what we have, though ne're so good,
And prizing what we never understood.
Compar'd t'our boisterous inconstancy
Tempests are calm, and Discords harmony.

Hence

Hence we reverse the World, and yet do find
The God that made can hardly please our Mind.
We live by chance, and slip into Events;
Have all of Beasts except their Innocence.
The Soul, which no man's pow'r can reach, a thing
That makes each Woman Man, each Man a King,
Doth so much lose, and from its height so fall,
That some contend to have no Soul at all.
'Tis either not observ'd, or at the best
By Passion fought withall, by Sin deprest.
Freedom of Will (God's Image) is forgot;
And, if we know it, we improve it not.
Our Thoughts, though nothing can be more our
Are still unguided, very seldom known. (own,
Time 'scapes our hands as Water in a Sieve,
We come to die e're we begin to live.
Truth, the most sutable and noble prize,
Food of our Spirits, yet neglected lies.

Errour and Shadows are our choice, and we
Owe our perdition to our own decree.
If we search Truth, we make it more obscure,
And when it shines, we can't the light endure.
For most men now, who plod, and eat, and drink,
Have nothing less their bus'ness then to think,
And those few that enquire, how small a share
Of Truth they find, how dark their Notions are !
That serious Evenness that calms the Breast,
And in a Tempest can bestow a Rest,
We either not attempt, or else decline,
By ev'ry trifle snatch'd from our design.
(Others he must in his deceits involve,
Who is not true unto his own Resolve.)
We govern not our selves, but loose the Reins,
Courting our Bondage to a thousand chains ;
And with as many Slaveries content
As there are Tyrants ready to torment,

We

We live upon a Rack extended still
To one Extreme or both, but always ill,
For since our Fortune is not understood,
We suffer less from bad than from the good.
The Sting is better dress'd and longer lasts,
As Surfeits are more dangerous than Fasts.
And to complete the misery to us,
We see Extremes are still contiguous.
And as we run so fast from what we hate,
Like Squibs on Ropes, to know no middle state;
So outward storms strengthen'd by us, we find
Our Fortune as disorder'd as our Mind.
But that's excus'd by this, it doth its part;
A trech'rous World befits a trech'rous Heart.
All ill's our own, the outward storms we lothe
Receive from us their Birth, their Sting, or both.
And that our Vanity be past a doubt,
'Tis one new Vainity to find it out.

Happy

Happy are they to whom God gives a Grave,
 And from themselves as from his wrath doth save;
 'Tis good not to be born ; but if we must,
 The next good is, soon to return to dust,
 When th' uncag'd Soul fled to Eternity
 Shall rest, and live, and sing, and love, and see,
 Here we but crawl and grapple, play and cry ;
 Are first our own, then others, enemy :
 But there shall be defac'd both stain and score,
 For Time, and Death, and Sin shall be no more.

L X X I.

The Soul.

1.

HOW vain a thing is Man, whose noblest part,
 That Soul w^{ch} through the World doth come,
 Traverses Heav'n, finds out the depths of Art,
 Yet is so ignorant at home

In

2.

In every Brook our Mirrour we can find
Reflections of our face to be ;
But a true Optick to present our Mind
We hardly get, and darkly see.

3.

Yet in the search after our selves we run,
Actions and Causes we survey ;
And when the weary Chase is almost done,
Then from our Quest we slip away.

4.

'Tis strange and sad, that since we do believe
We have a Soul must never die,
There are so few that can a Reason give
How it obtains that Life, or why.

5.

I wonder not to find those that know most,
Profess so much their Ignorance ;

Since

Since in their own Souls greatest Wits are lost,
And of themselves have scarce a glance.

6.

But somewhat sure doth here obscurely lie,
That above Dross would fain advance,
And pants and catches at Eternity,
As 'twere its own Inheritance.

7.

A Soul self-mov'd, which can dilate, contract,
Pierces and judges things unseen :
But this gross heap of Matter cannot act,
Unless impulsed from within.

8.

Distance and Quantity, to Bodies due,
The state of Souls cannot admit ;
And all the Contraries which Nature knew
Meet there, nor hurt themselves nor it.

9.

God never made a Body so bright and clean,
Which Good and Evil could discern:
What these words Honesty and Honour mean,
The Soul alone knows how to learn.

10.

And though 'tis true she is imprison'd here,
Yet hath she Notions of her own,
Which Sense doth onely jog, awake, and clear,
But cannot at the first make known.

11.

The Soul her own felicity hath laid,
And independent on the Sense
Sees the weak terrors which the World invade
With pity or with negligence,

12.

So unconcern'd she lives, so much above
The Rubbish of a clotty Jail,

Q

That

That nothing doth her Energy improve

So much as when those structures fail,

13.

She's then a substance subtile, strong and pure,

So immaterial and refin'd,

As speaks her from the Body's fate secure,

As wholly of a different kind.

14.

Religion for reward in vain would look,

Vertue were doom'd to misery,

All actions were like bubbles in a brook,

Were it not for Mortality.

15.

And as that Conquerour who Millions spent

Thought it too mean to give a Mite ;

So the World's Judge can never be content

To bestow less than Infinite.

Treason

16,

Treason against Eternal Majesty
Must have eternal Justice too ;
And since unbounded Love did satisfy,
He will unbounded Mercy shew.

17.

It is our narrow thoughts shorten these things,
By their companion Flesh inclin'd ;
Which feeling its own weakness gladly brings
The same opinion to the Mind.

18,

We stifle our own Sun, and live in Shade ;
But where its beams do once appear,
They make that person of himself afraid,
And to his own acts most severe.

19,

For ways to sin close, and our breasts disguise
From outward search, we soon may find :

But who can his own Soul bribe or surprize,
Or sin without a sting behind ?

20.

He that commands himself is more a Prince
Then he who Nations keeps in aw ;
And those who yield to what their Souls convince,
Shall never need another Law.

L X X I I.

Happiness.

Nature courts Happiness, although it be
Unknown as the *Athenian* Deity.
It dwells not in Man's Sense, yet he supplies
That want by growing fond of its disguise.
The false appearances of Joy deceive,
And seeking her unto her like we cleave.
For sinning Man hath scarce sense left to know
Whether the Plank he grasps will hold or no.

While

While all the business of the World is this,
To seek that Good which by mistake they miss,
And all the several Passions men express
Are but for Pleasure in a different dress.
They hope for Happiness in being Great,
Or Rich, or Lov'd, then hug their own conceit.
And those which promise what they never had,
I'th' midst of Laughter leave the spirit sad.
But the Good man can find this treasure out,
For which in vain others do dig and doubt;
And hath such secret full Content within,
Though all abroad be storms, yet he can sing.
His peace is made, all's quiet in that place,
Where Nature's cur'd and exercis'd by Grace.
This inward Calm prevents his Enemies,
For he can neither envy nor despise:
But in the beauty of his ordered Mind
Doth still a new rich satisfaction find.

Innocent Epicure ! whose single breast
Can furnish him with a continual feast,
A Prince at home, and Sceptres can refuse ;
Valuing onely what he cannot lose.
He studies to doe good ; (a man may be
Harmless for want of Opportunity)
But he's industrious kindness to dispence,
And therein onely covets eminence.
Others do court applause and fame, but he
Thinks all that giddy noise but Vanity.
He takes no pains to be observ'd or seen,
While all his acts are echo'd from within,
He's still himself, when Company are gone,
Too well employ'd ever to be alone.
For studying God in all his volumes, he
Begins the business of Eternity.
And unconcern'd without, retains a power
To suck (like Bees) a sweet from ev'ry flower.

And

And as the Manna of the *Israelites*
Had several tastes to please all Appetites :
So his Contentment is that catholick food,
That makes all states seem fit as well as good.
He dares not wish, nor his own fate propound,
But, if God sends, reads Love in every wound :
And would not lose for all the joys of Sense
The glorious pleasures of Obedience.
His better part can neither change nor lose,
And all God's will can bear, can doe, can chuse.

LXXIII.

Death.

1.

HOW weak a Star doth rule Mankind,
Which owes its ruine to the same
Causes which Nature had design'd
To cherish and preserve the frame !

2.

As Commonwealths may be secure,
And no remote Invasion dread ;
Yet may a sadder fall endure
From Traitors in their bosom bred ;

3.

So while we feel no violence,
And on our active Health do trust,
A secret hand doth snatch us hence,
And tumbles us into the dust.

Yet

4.

Yet carelessly we run our race,

As if we could Death's summons wave ;

And think not on the narrow space

Between a Table and a Grave.

5.

But since we cannot Death reprieve,

Our Souls and Fame we ought to mind,

For they our Bodies will survive ;

That goes beyond, this stays behind.

6.

If I be sure my Soul is safe,

And that my Actions will provide

My Tomb a nobler Epitaph,

Then that I onely liv'd and dy'd,

7.

So that in various accidents

I Conscience may and Honour keep ;

I with

I with that ease and innocence
 Shall die, as Infants go to sleep.

LXXIV.

*To the Queen's Majesty, on her late
 Sickness and Recovery.*

THe publick Gladness that's to us restor'd,
 For your escape from what we so deplor'd,
 Will want as well resemblance as belief,
 Unless our Joy be measur'd by our Grief,
 When in your Fever we with terror saw
 At once our Hopes and Happiness withdraw ;
 And every *crisis* did with jealous fear
 Enquire the News we scarce durst stay to hear.
 Some dying Princes have their Servants slain,
 That after death they might not want a Train.
 Such cruelty were here a needless sin ;
 For had our fatal Fears prophetick been,

Sorrow alone that service would have done,
And you by Nations had been waited on.
Your danger was in ev'ry Visage seen,
And onely yours was quiet and serene.
But all our zealous Grief had been in vain,
Had not Great *Charles's* call'd you back again:
Who did your suff'rings with such pain discern,
He lost three Kingdoms once with less concern.
Lab'ring your safety he neglected his,
Nor fear'd he Death in any shape but this.
His *Genius* did the bold Distemper tame,
And his rich Tears quench'd the rebellious Flame.
At once the *Thracian* Hero lov'd and griev'd,
Till he his lost Felicity retriev'd ;
And with the moving accents of his wo
His Spouse recover'd from the shades below.
So the King's grief your threatned loss withstood,
Who mourn'd with the same fortune that he woo'd:

And

And to his happy Paffion we have been
Now twice oblig'd for fo ador'd a Queen,
But how fevere a Choice had you to make,
When you muft Heav'n delay, or Him forfake ?
Yet fince thofe joys you made fuch hafte to find
Had fcarce been full if he were left behind,
How well did Fate decide your inward ftrife,
By making him a Prefent of your Life ?
Which refcu'd Bleffing we muft long enjoy,
Since our Offences could it not destroy.
For none but Death durft rival him in you ;
And Death himfelf was baffled in it too.

F I N I S.

Errata.

For Rosannia read Rosania throughout. Pag. 81. for Bodiscist read Bodidrist.





LXXV.

*Upon Mr. Abraham Cowley's
Retirement.*

O D E.

I.

NO, no, unfaithful World, thou hast
Too long my easie Heart betray'd,
And me too long thy Foot-ball made :

But I am wiser grown at last,

And will improve by all that I have past,

I know 'twas just I should be practis'd on ;

For I was told before,

And told in sober and instructive lore,

How little all that trusted thee have won :

And yet I would make haste to be undone,

Now by my suff'ring I am better taught,

And shall no more commit that stupid fault.

R

Go,

Go, get some other Fool,
Whom thou mayst next cajole:
On me thy frowns thou dost in vain bestow;
For I know how
To be as coy and as reserv'd as thou,

2.

In my remote and humble seat
Now I'm again possess
Of that late fugitive, my Breast,
From all thy tumults and from all thy heat
I'll find a quiet and a cool retreat;
And on the Fetters I have worn
Look with experienc'd and revengeful scorn
In this my sov'raign Privacy.
'Tis true I cannot govern thee,
But yet my self I may subdue;
And that's the nobler Empire of the two.

If ev'ry Passion had got leave
Its satisfaction to receive,
Yet I would it a higher pleasure call,
To conquer one, then to indulge them all.

3.

For thy inconstant Sea, no more
I'll leave that safe and solid Shore :
No, though to prosper in the cheat,
Thou shouldst my Destiny defeat,
And make me be Belov'd, or Rich, or Great :
Nor from my self shouldst me reclaim
With all the noise and all the pomp of Fame,
Judiciously I'll thee despise ;
Too small the Bargain, and too great the Price,
For them to cozen twice.

At length this secret I have learn'd ;
Who will be happy, will be unconcern'd,

Must all their Comfort in their Bosom wear,
And seek their treasure and their power there.

4.

No other Wealth will I aspire,
But of Nature to admire ;
Nor envy on a Laurel will bestow,
Whil'st I have any in my Garden grow.
And when I would be Great,
'Tis but ascending to a Seat
Which Nature in a lofty Rock hath built ;
A Throne as free from trouble as from guilt.
Where when my Soul her wings does raise
Above what Worldlings fear or praise,
With innocence and quiet pride I'll sit,
And see the humble Waves pay tribute to my feet.
O Life Divine, when free from joys diseas'd,
Not always merry, but 'tis always pleas'd !

A Heart,

3.

A Heart, which is too great a thing
To be a Present for a *Persian* King,
Which God himself would have to be his Court,
Where Angels would officiously resort,
From its own height should much decline,
If this Converse it should resign
(Ill-natur'd World !) for thine.
Thy unwise rigour hath thy Empire lost ;
It hath not onely set me free,
But it hath made me see,
They onely can of thy possession boast,
Who do enjoy thee least, and understand thee most.
For lo, the Man whom all Mankind admir'd,
(By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry Muse inspir'd)
Is now triumphantly retir'd.

The mighty *Cowley* this hath done,
And over thee a *Parthian* Conquest won :
Which future Ages shall adore,
And which in this subdues thee more
Then either *Greek* or *Roman* ever could before.

F I N I S.

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